

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1845, and is the oldest newspaper in the city. It is published daily, except on Sundays and holidays. It is printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading material. It contains local and general news, well selected, and is published at a low price. It is a valuable paper to all who are interested in the city and its affairs. It is published by the Mercury Publishing Co., 101 Thames Street, Newport, R. I.

Local Matters.

The demand for copies of the MERCURY ALMANAC during the past week has been unprecedented. Everyone who has seen the almanac pronounced it the finest ever.

Board of Aldermen.

The first meeting of the board of aldermen for the new year was held on Thursday evening, when Mayor MacLeod had his first experience in presiding over the deliberations of that body. He conducted himself well, and evinced a determination to thoroughly understand the details of the business that the board had to consider. It was a long session with lots of routine business as well as a long discussion of the plans of the Beach Association for the improvements authorized by the voters.

There was some discussion about the week's delay in paying the men to the employ of the city and City Clerk Fullerton was instructed to draw up an ordinance for present action to the council, to remedy this matter. Weekly bills and payrolls were approved. A claim of the Newport Water Works for \$2917.81 was referred to the committee of 25.

The board of firewards notified the aldermen that Jeremiah G. Sullivan and Frank H. Whitman had been appointed permanent members of the department, in order to give the regular men the day off according to the ordinance of the council, and the appointments were confirmed. Various technical resolutions, to enable the city machinery to be legally started for the year, were passed. Alderman Hughes was made a committee to interview the Newport Water Works in regard to its claim against the city. The board voted to send to the representative council the nomination of Wallace O. Martland as engineer of the city hall, and of Francis M. Sisson as clerk to the highway department.

President John H. Wetherell, Manager D. J. MacGowan, and Directors Ernst Voigt and A. B. Casanovas appeared before the board to explain the plans that had been drawn for the improvement of the beach. The matter was gone over in detail, and the board voted to go to the beach next Sunday afternoon, accompanied by the City Engineer, and look over the ground and study the plans further.

Mr. MacGowan explained that what the Association wished the City to do is to build a convention hall, adjoining the dining room, with a capacity of 1000; extend the present board walk to the Middletown line; erect at least 300 new bath houses; build a concrete walk at the main entrance where the cars discharge their loads; erect a board fence along the rear of the beach. If there is any money left after these improvements are completed it should go for more bath houses.

The Beach Association has had plans drawn for these improvements, and they were before the board for consideration. In addition the Association expects to expend a great deal of its own money at the beach. The Association will make extensive repairs and improvements to the present buildings, greatly enlarging the capacity of the dining room and also the dance hall. It will place a fine organ in the convention hall, that will help to draw crowds. It proposes to erect a fine roller coaster that will prove an attraction.

The members of the board questioned the details of the plans and showed much interest in the matter. One of the new members asked if the Association would set aside certain bath houses for the free use of children. It was decided not to have any sub-committee of the board to act on the beach matter, but the entire board would act as such committee.

The police have had several insane cases before the court this week, several patients having been committed to the State Hospital for the Insane. One elderly woman who lived all alone, and who was without relatives, was among those who were sent away.

City Government Inaugurated.

Mayor MacLeod inducted into office with fitting ceremonies—Election of Officers—Results in Displacing Four Incumbents—Sessions are Long and Busy.

Newport's new city government was inaugurated with fitting ceremonies on Monday, and incidentally the members of the representative council had the longest day's session on record. The council met at 12 o'clock, was in session until 1:25, and had another afternoon session from 3 to 5. In the evening, the session lasted from 7:30 until nearly one o'clock. When final adjournment was taken all the business on the desk had been cleared up, including the election of officers for the year.

The City Hall was decorated with palms and potted plants for the inaugural ceremonies at noon, and there was quite a crowd in attendance. Promptly at the appointed hour, City Clerk Fullerton called the council to order and asked for the credentials of the members elect. He then administered the oath of office to them, after which a recess was taken to allow the filling of several vacancies. William H. Shields was elected to succeed Richard D. Graham in the first ward, William H. Langley to succeed William MacLeod in the second, and John Baylin and Frank Langgeller to succeed Daniel B. Pearling and J. J. Keenan in the fifth.

For chairman of the council, Joseph P. Cotton nominated William R. Harvey, and John B. Sullivan nominated William Williams. A ballot was taken and resulted in the election of Mr. Harvey, who received 96 votes to 93 for Mr. Williams, and one scattering. Mr. Harvey took the chair and expressed his thanks for the honor in a few words.

An ordinance was presented, reducing the salary of the city clerk from \$2500 to \$2400, but this was laid on the table; the salary remaining at the same figure as before. There was but one nomination for city clerk, F. N. Fullerton, and he was unanimously elected. The city clerk swore in the chairman and the chairman administered the oath to the city clerk.

Mayor Boyle, Mayor-elect MacLeod and the board of aldermen entered the chamber, and Mayor Boyle administered the oath to his successor. Mayor MacLeod then swore in the members of the board of aldermen, after which prayer was offered by Rev. G. A. Hubbert. Mayor MacLeod then read his inaugural message, which appears on another page of this paper. The council then took a recess until 3 o'clock.

The afternoon session was devoted to the consideration of routine business, and as usual proved rather dry. The first business was the consideration of the resolution fixing the salaries of various city officers. There were comparatively few changes made, little attention being paid to the recommendation of the committee on salary revision. The salary of the second assistant to the city clerk's office was fixed at \$720, the same as that of the first assistant. The bacteriologist of the board of health was raised from \$1200 to \$1600 and the other salaries remained the same. Several ordinances proposed by the committee on salary revision were laid on the table. The ordinance providing for a salary of \$500 for the city sealer in place of fees was adopted.

The ordinance making appropriations for running the city for two months before the annual budget is adopted was presented and after minor amendment, was adopted. Resolutions were passed, authorizing the city treasurer, under the direction of the Board of Aldermen, to hire money, not to exceed \$500,000, for the payment of the current expense of the city in participation of the payment of taxes; authorizing the city treasurer to pay the non-apportioned account of the department of highways and bridges, to be properly distributed at the end of the year; directing the city treasurer to credit to the general funds all money received from the street commissioner on account of weighing, wharfage, permits, street sweepings, manure, etc., directing him to credit to the appropriations from which expended all money received from the street commissioner, all money received from donations for street sprinkling, use of steam boiler, watering carts, roller and pumps; and authorizing the city treasurer to draw the income of the Tourist Street and the Tourist Synagogue funds.

The Board of Aldermen was authorized to ask for proposals from banks and bankers for terms upon which money will be furnished the city treasurer as required, and for receiving his deposits and paying his checks; to ask for proposals for fuel for the highway department, and contract with the lowest responsible bidder; to advertise for proposals for forage for the highway department, and contract for the same; to secure proposals for fuel for the City Hall and orders of the over-

seers of the poor, and contract with the lowest responsible bidder; to purchase forage for the fire department from the lowest responsible dealer, to obtain proposals for paving gravel and contract with the lowest responsible bidder, to secure proposals for carting crushed stone and contract with the lowest responsible bidder, to fill vacancies in the fire department when the Council is not in session, to have printed 550 copies of the City Manual for 1913, to have printed 750 copies of the City Documents of 1912 and the tax list of 1913, in cloth, and 2,500 copies of the tax list of 1913, in paper cover.

A resolution was passed appropriating \$2500 to boom Narragansett Bay as the site for a great naval station. A resolution was passed directing the completion of 25 to report an ordinance for raising money, and all petitions received by the council and board of aldermen were referred to that committee. An ordinance was passed granting the permanent firemen one day off in every eight, without loss of pay.

After considerable discussion an amendment was passed to the ordinance regarding hackney carriages, allowing the hackney to charge \$1.00 for each passenger from the New York boat between ten hours of midnight and 6 a. m., instead of fifty cents as heretofore. A number of petitions for sidewalks, highway repairs, sewer extensions, and other improvements were referred to the committee of 25. A communication from Clark Burdick and other in regard to leasing a piece of land adjacent to the stone quarry was similarly referred. William Nagle, a permanent fireman, was allowed back pay for time that he spent in the hospital, the amount being added to the appropriation for the fire department. The board of aldermen was authorized to procure proposals for collecting and disposing of street refuse in varying terms of years. The council then took a recess until 7:30.

The evening session was the big time of the day for that was when city officers were elected, and there was a full attendance of members as well as a large gathering of spectators. The gallery was full and the aldermanic chamber held its full quota. There was some business to be transacted before beginning on the officers, but this was disposed of as rapidly as possible.

On motion of Dr. Brackett it was voted to appoint a committee of five to consider the matter of tax assessors and tax assessment, and report not later than the meeting at which the committee of 25 makes its report. The salary of the inspector of milk was increased from \$500 to \$1000, a similar motion at the afternoon session having been defeated.

The matter of improvements at Easton's Beach came in for consideration. A resolution was adopted providing for the issue of the \$25,000 authorized by the tax payers, the bonds to be serial, of the value of \$1000 each, bearing interest at 4 per cent. Plans for the improvements as drawn by the lessees of the beach were presented with the recommendation that they be approved and turned over to the board of aldermen to be carried out, but the council voted to first submit them to the board and a report to be made to the council. The committee on police station reported, recommending that property on the south side of Ferry wharf be taken for a site. The property selected includes land or buildings belonging to William Quigley, Charles Ritt, Bowen heirs, and Clarke estate, and the price asked is \$24,000. The report states reasons for the selection of this site, and it was received. The committee on Almy's pond recommended that a pumping plant be erected to keep sewage out of the pond, and also that steps be taken to secure further improvement of the pond. The report was received, and an accompanying resolution was referred to the committee of 25. All the annual reports of departments were received without reading.

The election of officers was then begun, City Treasurer John M. Taylor and City Solicitor J. A. Sullivan being elected without opposition. There was a hot fight over the office of street commissioner, J. K. Sullivan being opposed by James McLeish, but the latter was a loser by four votes.

There were three candidates for judge of probate, John C. Burke being elected on the second ballot over Newton Adams, and M. A. Sullivan. Duncan A. Hazard had no opposition as clerk of probate.

For the office of tax collector, Mr. Higbee was opposed by Thomas F. Martin, and three ballots were necessary, there being more votes cast than there were members present. Mr. Higbee was re-elected by 10 majority. Mortimer D. Sullivan had three opponents for building inspector, but was re-elected on the first ballot. There were several candidates for inspector of plumbing, and on the second ballot the present inspector, Robert L. Oman, was defeated by Joseph P. Carney.

Another change was in the office of member of the license commission, Arthur B. Commerford being replaced by William H. Tobin.

A resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote, accepting the gift of a park from George Gordon King and appointing a committee to draw up a suitable memorial to acknowledge it.

There was a change in the board of firewards, Thomas B. Bowler not being a candidate for re-election and being replaced by Michael P. Murphy on the second ballot, there being several candidates. Another change occurred when the overseers of the poor were reached, Robert Kerr being replaced by Dr. Maurice J. Butler. For commissioner of the sinking fund, ex-Mayor P. J. Boyle replaced ex-Mayor William P. Clarke. There were other contests but no other changes, and the council finally completed the list and adjourned.

The chairman announced the appointment of the committee of 25 as follows:

Ward 1—William J. Carr, Fletcher W. Lawton, Willard L. Pike, J. Harry Brown, James E. Kavanagh.
Ward 2—Joseph P. Cotton, Thomas B. Cogdon, Herbert L. Dyer, B. F. Downes, Ed. Samuel S. Thompson.
Ward 3—Edward A. Sherman, Jeremiah W. Horton, R. R. Barker, Jr., F. P. Garretts, H. H. Bantley.
Ward 4—William Williams, Daniel J. Sullivan, Bruce Butterfield, Joseph A. Diggle, William H. Clarke.
Ward 5—Michael J. Murphy, John B. Sullivan, John F. Sullivan, Alexander R. O'Hanley, J. Joseph M. Martin.

The following is the list of officers elected:

City Clerk—F. N. Fullerton, \$2,500.
City Treasurer—John M. Taylor, \$2,000.
City Solicitor—Jeremiah A. Sullivan, \$1,500.
Street Commissioner—Jeremiah K. Sullivan, \$1,500.
Judge of Probate—John C. Burke, \$1,000.
Probate Clerk—Duncan A. Hazard, \$1,500.
Collector of Taxes—Edward W. Higbee, \$1,500 (he to pay for clerical assistant).
City Engineer—William H. Lawton, \$1,500.
Inspector of Buildings—Mortimer D. Sullivan.
Assessor of Taxes—Pascual.
City Physician—Francis A. Keenan, \$1,500.

City Sergeant—William E. Mumford, \$100 (also City Messenger, \$50).
Inspector of Plumbing—Joseph E. Carney, \$1,200.
Inspector of Nuisances—George C. Shaw, \$500.
Harbor Master—Thomas Shaw, \$500.

Member of License Commission, three years—William H. Tobin, \$250.
Superintendent of City Cemeteries—Bowen B. Sweet, \$500.
Assistant Engineer of Fire Department, for three years—Michael P. Murphy, \$125.

Gate Keeper at Elm and Fourth Streets—Thomas Donohue, \$500.
Gate Keeper at Poplar and Fourth Streets—William H. Barker, \$500.
Assistant Gate Keeper—Jeremiah O'Leary, \$500.

City Bell Ringers—John Boylan, Frederick P. Lee, Henry B. Rice, Harry Morgan, \$150 each.
City Auditor—George W. Bacheller, Jr., Abner L. Slocum, \$200 each.

Overseers of the Poor—Maurice J. Butler, Edward B. Peckham, Philip E. Clark.
Commissioner of the Sinking Fund—Patrick J. Boyle, (three years).
Keeper of City Asylum (nominated by overseers)—J. W. Wilbur, \$500.

Member of Board of Health, five years—Frank M. Greenlaw.
Keeper of City Clocks—George M. Simpson, \$50.
Inspector of Kerosene—John J. O'Connell, (fees).
Sealer of Weights and Measures—John J. Connell, \$500.

Dog Constable—George C. Hallock, (fees).
Surveyor of Highways—Jeremiah K. Sullivan.

City Surveyors of Land—Joseph P. Cotton, William H. Lawton, William P. Buffum, Roland J. Easton, Charles F. Langley.
Surveyor of Round Timber and Spars—William M. Arnold.

Commissioner of Newport School Fund, for three years—Thomas P. Peckham.
Fence Viewer—Thomas H. Reagan, (fees).
Pound Keeper—George C. Hallock, (fees).

Keeper of Powder House—Chief engineer of the department.
Board of Commissioners of Henderson Home—Thomas B. Cogdon, Ralph R. Barker, Rev. William B. Meenan, T. Fred Kauff, Darius Baker.

Constables under the General State Law and authorized to serve Civil Process—William J. Dunbar, William F. Adams, Joseph W. Sampson, Eugene C. O'Neill, Cornelius C. Moore, George C. Shaw, Walter B. Langley, George A. Pritchard, Charles A. Kleinfelder, Joseph A. Diggle.

Caddies of Wood—William F. Barlow, Benjamin F. Dawley.
Weighers of Coal and other Merchandise—Joseph T. Perry, George H. Taylor, Dennis J. Sullivan, Henry S. Manuol, Francis M. Sisson, John Allan, E. H. Smith, John D. Branson, Seth W. M. Betteur, Fernando Barker, James P. Hunter, Thomas J. Boyle, Kenneth McLeish, Patrick H. Welch, William E. Williams, Edward E. Peckham, B. Clarence Brown, Thomas L. Sherman, Julius Burdick, Robert S. Hayer, Michael J. Burns, William Lennon, William H. Clarke, John J. Dawley.

Auctioneers—Eugene C. O'Neill, Franklin C. Parsons, Fred W. Greene, George H. Taylor, William E. Adams, John Mahan, Herbert L. Dyer, George S. Elmer, Michael Steneman, Edward Hunt, Lawrence Thompson, George S. Ward.

Undertakers—Samuel W. Marsh, Andrew K. McMahon, Frederick P. Lee, James A. Dunphy, Robert C. Cottrell, Patrick H. O'Neill, Frederick E. Langley, Richard H. Freeborn, Edward J. O'Neill, Dennis F. Houlahan.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. Frederick B. Cudworth.
Mrs. Frederick B. Cudworth died at her home on Red Cross avenue on Sunday last, her death being a great surprise and shock to her friends. Although she had not been in the best of health for some time, few people knew that she was seriously ill. Before her marriage to Mr. Cudworth a few months ago, she was Miss Mary Elizabeth Almon, daughter of Mr. Andrew B. Almon. She was of a helpful and charitable disposition and gave freely of her time and means to relieve those who were in distress. She was of a rather retiring nature and did not have a very wide circle of acquaintances, but all who knew her held her in the highest esteem. She is survived by her husband, and by her mother, the latter being quite advanced in years.

Monday was a cloudy day for January in the Superior Court, but there was not a great deal of business to be considered. There were several new cases on the docket for assignment, but most of them were either passed or continued. Judge Stearns presided at the session of the court, he being assigned to the circuit at this time. The Tiverton case of Anna Marshall vs. John Varnase will go to trial again. The court had ordered that unless the plaintiff would accept \$15 instead of the amount of the verdict rendered, a new trial would be ordered. This the plaintiff declined to accept, so the order for a new trial will stand. Several cases were assigned for hearing at later dates.

General William H. Hixby, chief of the Engineer Department of the Army, has stated that there is no intention of removing the office of the engineers from Newport to Providence, as has been reported. This statement was made to the Secretary of War, in response to a request for information from Senator Wetmore. General Hixby intimates however that the department has had under contemplation the matter of combining two districts with a central office somewhere other than Newport, but certainly this change, if ever made, will not take place at present.

It is probable that work will be begun very shortly on an addition to the factory of the Common Sense Gum Company, the plans now being under consideration. Business has been very good at the Newport plant of the company within the last few months, and the need of additional facilities has been greatly felt. There is at present a large force employed there and additional hands will be put on as soon as provision can be made for them.

At the services at St. Mary's Church last Sunday the financial report for the past year was read, showing receipts for the year amounting to \$18,950.82, and a balance on hand of \$2,858.03. The creation of the new St. Augustin's parish has taken a large number of parishioners out of St. Mary's, but the financial showing is regarded as very satisfactory. Father Meenan is considerably improved in health and was able to attend the services last Sunday.

It looks as if the mild days of the early part of the winter were passed, and now we may expect cold weather for some weeks. It was an unusually warm December, and January came in warm. Last Sunday a large bunch of denudation blooms were picked on the eastern slope of the island, but they are probably very scarce to-day. Most forecasters say that the winter will not be a very severe one.

There has been much trouble with telephone service in Newport during the past week, many stations having been put completely out of business. The difficulty is ascribed to the recent high wind and dampness, and has given the telephone officials much trouble. The repair men have been constantly at work and have made repairs as rapidly as possible.

The Supreme Court has upheld the verdict in the case of Catherine A. Donohue vs. The A. C. Titus Company, and the case goes back to the Superior Court for judgment to be entered. It will be remembered that Mrs. Donohue was given a verdict some months ago for injuries received by a fall in the Titus store.

The members of the representative council are warm in their praise of the work of the new chairman, William R. Harvey, in the long and trying session last Monday. He made a capable presiding officer, absolutely unprejudiced, and met all emergencies promptly.

Milantonomi Club Ladies' Night.

There was a large attendance at the Ladies Night given by the Milantonomi Club on Thursday evening for members and guests. The first part of the programme was given in the gymnasium of the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A., where Mr. Richard E. Follett delivered an illustrated lecture on "The Forest Fish and Game and How to Conserve Them." This was much enjoyed, the pictures being especially fine. There were many motion pictures showing fish and game in their native haunts, and also a very interesting moving picture of logging operations in Maine. Mr. Follett is secretary and director of the Detroit Zoological Society and is deeply interested in his subject.

At the conclusion of his address the company adjourned to the rooms of the Milantonomi Club, where a very pleasant social hour was passed.

There was a meeting of a number of business men on Wednesday evening for the purpose of taking steps to revitalize the old Board of Trade or to start a new organization. Mr. John R. Austin presided in the absence of Mr. Howard G. Ward, who had been elected temporary chairman at a preliminary meeting. It was voted to appoint a committee to confer with Mr. A. B. Commerford, secretary of the old board of trade, in regard to re-organizing that and infusing new blood. The committee consists of Mayor William MacLeod, ex-Mayor William P. Clarke, Daniel E. Sullivan, J. H. Kavanagh and Howard G. Ward. Among the prominent speakers at the meeting were Mayor MacLeod, ex-Mayors F. P. Garretts and W. P. Clarke, Daniel E. Sullivan and Charles H. Sullivan. It seemed to be the sense of the meeting that a strong body should be formed, with an able permanent secretary on salary.

Most of the buildings that were damaged in the fire are in process of repair. The Allen building, on Spring and Stone streets is delayed, as the owner is abroad and has been unable to make arrangements for adjusting the insurance. No announcement has been made as to what will be done in the case of the buildings badly destroyed.

Rev. Geo. W. Quick former pastor of the Central Baptist Church in this city in a private letter to Mr. William S. Vose, speaks very enthusiastically of his new charge at Greenville, South Carolina. His church is a large one and growing rapidly. He speaks also very pleasantly of his stay in Newport, and promises his friends here a visit next summer.

A tentative programme has been prepared for the combined spring exhibition under the auspices of the Newport Horticultural Society and the Garden Association next June. The affair will be held on the grounds of Mrs. John Nicholas Brown and is expected to draw a large attendance.

A bill will probably be introduced into the Legislature to make the office of chief engineer of the Newport fire department permanent. Petitions have been circulated about the city to obtain signatures for presentation to the Legislature in company with the draft of the bill.

The committee of 25 met on Thursday evening, and organized by the election of Captain Joseph P. Cotton as chairman. Sub-committees were appointed, and they will go to work at once to make up their portion of the budget for submission to the whole committee.

Mr. James H. Barney, Jr., was among the Newporters who attended the inauguration of the State Government in Providence on Tuesday. The weather was very disagreeable so the attendance from this city was hardly as large as in former years.

The members of the committee of 25 have no excuse, as their labors will undoubtedly occupy several weeks. The committee is already at work and it means long tedious work before the budget is made up for submission to the representative council.

There was a slight fire in the blacksmith shop at the Training Station last Saturday night and the Station fire department was called out, but the blaze was soon extinguished. The Newport fire department was not called upon.

There was a large attendance at Emmanuel Church last Sunday evening, when Rev. Emory H. Porter, D. D., chaplain of the Newport Artillery, delivered his annual sermon to the command.

The appropriation by the representative council of \$2500 to be used in booming Narragansett Bay as a site for a naval base, if rightly used, will be of much value to Newport.

Hereafter the hackmen can charge one dollar for taking passengers from the New York boat in the early morning.

SHENANDOAH

By
HENRY TYRRELL
Founded on
BRONSON HOWARD'S
Great Play

A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing.

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CHAPTER V. Grand Old Jack.

THE stunning success of Jackson at Front Royal and subsequently at Cross Keys and Port Republic, on the Shenandoah, were followed by a startling series of maneuvers, little understood by the world at the time, save that in a general way they meant that he "held one commander at arm's length while he hammered the other."

"I have seen grand old Jack rattled, for once," Captain Ellingham wrote his sister from Front Royal. "We were opposite Port Republic and the general, with a part of his staff, had crossed over the bridge into the town when the enemy appeared in force, with the evident design of attacking the town, destroying the bridge over the Shenandoah and thus cutting off our army and getting in our rear. Jackson sent some hurried orders to Tallahferro and Winder for the defense of the bridge, but before these could be executed the advance Federal batteries had opened fire and their cavalry, crossing the South River, had swept into the town and taken position at the southern entrance to the bridge."

"You see, the general had not reversed the river and so he was completely cut off, and we didn't know it. They do say he met the emergency with the most audacious display of nerve and presence of mind that you ever heard of—actually rode toward the bridge and, rising in his stirrups, called out to the Federal officer commanding the artillery: 'Who ordered you to post that gun there, sir? Bring it over here. It fooled them long enough to enable Jackson to put spurs to his horse and dash on to the bridge at full gallop."

"Three busy shots followed him, but they drew harmlessly over his head, and he reached our quarters on the northern bank in safety. And was he rattled? Well, at the moment of the scare I saw young Bob Lee (youngest son of General Lee, you know, who is only fifteen and left the university to join the 'Stonewall' brigade as a private) going down to the bank of the stream to fetch up some water. He had the big camp kettle slung over his shoulder, and I suppose the general in his excitement thought it was a drum, for as he flew past he shouted out to Bob: 'Hi, there, drummer, beat the long roll!'"

"That was a close shave, dear sis. But I believe—and so do we all—that our 'Stonewall' Jackson lives a charmed life while he has this job of clearing the valley to perform, and nothing can stop him. Do you know what the Yanks call him? The 'ubiquitous Presbyterian.' It seems like a wild dream, as I look back upon what has happened since you and I parted at Richmond. Our great commander, whom we were rather loath to poke fun at in the beginning and whose recklessness many distrusted a long while after that, has 'boiled over the Federal commanders as fast as they could be hurled against him—Hanks, Fremont, Sigel, Milroy, with subordinate like Bleeker, Sigel, Stouewer and other able soldiers defeated and the whole upper valley regaled."

"Why, think of it—in three months he—may I say we—have pitched, I suppose, 600 miles; fought four pitched battles and seven minor engagements, to say nothing of the regular daily skirmishes. And we have defeated four armies, captured seven pieces of artillery, 10,000 stand of arms, 4,000 prisoners and any amount of stores, besides fabulous sums (as I hear) of cash money."

"What our adversaries' losses in killed and wounded foot up I don't know, but they could not have been small. Ours were less comparatively; but, oh, Gertrude, we have lost our Asbury. He fell in a moment of triumph, and his last words were, 'Virginians, charge!' I am sure his name will always be remembered and honored by the people of Virginia."

"He was not a Presbyterian, like Old Jack, but he was devout and childlike in his religious faith and a regular attendant in the services of the Episcopal church, which was the church of his ancestors. He may have kept himself a bit aloof from the vulgar camp fun or moments of abandonment, though no man was more frank and gay on the march or in bivouac."

"Is it worth these sacrifices? Gertrude, in spite of all our successes I wish this nightmare of civil war were over and well over. But who can tell now when we shall be out of the woods?"

Washington, remembering Bull Run, had nervous prostration whenever "Stonewall" Jackson was reported in action anywhere within a hundred miles of the Potomac. For this reason it is probably historic truth to say that "Stonewall" Jackson saved Richmond to the Confederates in 1862—in the first place by diverting McDowell's army to the valley, in the second place by marching fresh from his own victories in that same valley to join Lee in the seven days' battle around the Confederate capital."

"I am going back home," said Gertrude Ellingham with determination.

"I long to see the valley once more, and I can do just as much good at Belle Bosquet as I can here, perhaps more, now."

It was not because of the anxious outlook in Richmond, with McClellan's army almost within gunshot. On the contrary, that in itself would have kept her in the threatened Confederate capital had not stronger ties of both duty and sentiment drawn her homeward.

As Gertrude read in northern newspapers, the accounts of the desperate fighting and of the suffering of Jackson's troops she exclaimed:

"Let them send the whole population of the north down here if they will, but they can never conquer us! When they have killed off our men we will shed the last drop of our own blood."

Captain Kerchival West of the Union army of southwest Missouri, as he read the account while alternately burning and shivering in the acute stricken camps of the lower Mississippi valley around Corinth, thought in feverish fancy that he could hear Gertrude saying just such words as these. Her hate, as he imagined it, was like his love—an unreasoning, all-consuming passion. He felt himself ominously fortified with the double strength of hope and despair, for love is a flame that feeds upon despair and takes a lurid halo of glory most of all when lavished wildly and in vain.

One sovereign solace he had, that he was wearing the blue and fighting loyally for the old flag in a campaign sufficiently remote from the valley of Virginia. After all, fate had been kind to him, he thought, as he recalled his farewell words with Bob Ellingham, at Charleston—was it ages ago or only a little more than a year back? "All right, Bob. I only hope we never meet in battle, that's all."

And then they both saddened as they added:

"Who knows?"

Who knew, indeed? What a tangled skein of lives it was, anyway! One thing was certain—he may have been glad he was not fighting in Virginia, and yet his heart was there all the time.

Meanwhile Gertrude's decision to leave Richmond and go home to the valley was put into execution with characteristic impulse. It was a bad time for such a journey. That made no difference about her embarking upon it, but it did lead to some very complicated and roundabout arrangements for the accomplishment of the trip.

Her Confederate war office friends, for reasons essentially their own, decreed that if she went at all it must be



Harpers Ferry.

by way of Baltimore and Harpers Ferry. For the last named barrier, a Federal pass would be required, this to be procured at Baltimore. And to get to Baltimore, by water, of course, it was necessary to run the Federal blockade.

But this would be comparatively easy under the plan agreed upon, by which Gertrude was to have a traveling companion, a mysterious southern lady who knew the routes intimately and who seemed to be rather closely in touch with the executive departments at Richmond for one who confidently promised to arrange the little matter of Federal passes at Baltimore.

This young person—she seemed not over twenty—was introduced somewhat vaguely as Mrs. Smith. She was well dressed, fairly good looking and a bright talker, particularly with the men. Her self confidence was perhaps a trifle excessive; but then this would not come amiss for two unprotected females abroad in Dixie in wartime.

On the first stage of the journey overlaid as they stopped overnight at Petersburg Gertrude said to her fascinating roommate:

"Mrs. Smith, I have told you what little there is of interest about myself and my plans. I do so wish you would tell me something of your own adventures."

"I don't mind, my dear, now that we are off and on our way," laughed the other as she sat under a handkerchief with eau de cologne and washed her face with it. "By the way, my real name is Belle Boyd."

"Belle Boyd of the secret service?"

"Yes, honey child. That's what we are on now."

"But if they should suspect us after we cross the lines they would arrest and detain us, would they not?"

"They hang spies," Miss Boyd replied. "But I don't reckon they will get us. Of course I won't be Miss Boyd and you won't be Miss Ellingham from now on."

A civilian met "Miss Page and Mrs. Smith" at the Light street wharf in Baltimore. He took them to a Federal captain, and the captain sent them to his superior officer, General Fisher. Belle Boyd, now "Mrs. Smith," stated their case.

"We are southerners, general, and we wish to go south by way of Harpers Ferry," she said, handing him a note which the captain had given her.

He read the note, looked at the pair with a quizzical expression and then nodded his head.

"Very well, ladies. I will make out your passes, which will take you to General Kelly at Harpers Ferry. My jurisdiction ends there, but you will find General Kelly a courteous and

considerate gentleman. Beyond that I can make no promises for him, you understand. If everything is all right, more, now."



By Review of Reviews company.

"My real name is Belle Boyd."

why—you will be all right. You will have an escort as far as Harpers Ferry, and an officer will be sent this afternoon to your boarding place to examine your baggage."

The baggage searcher found them duly prepared and no obstacle came up to prevent the girls from taking the westward bound train on the Baltimore and Ohio road at noon the next day. Their escort was a flirtatious young lieutenant, whom "Mrs. Smith"—newly widowed for the occasion—engaged in an instructive conversation about Federal military matters, which lasted until toward sunset. The slow train drew up under the shadows of the frowning Virginia heights and the heights of Maryland at the historic point where the Shenandoah river breaks through the mountain wall and falls into the Potomac—and they had reached their destination.

Evidently there was a riot going on in the little shanty town at the end of the long railroad bridge across the Potomac, where the old arsenal and the engine house which had been John Brown's fort lay close upon the railroad tracks, with dwelling houses, barracks and taverns straggling up the hilly streets behind.

They held a consultation in the parlor of a "hotel" full of drunken soldiers and decided to go out and make inquiries of any one who might seem sober enough to answer as to where they could hire a vehicle to forward them on their journey. All uncertainty was promptly dispelled—they could not get out of Harpers Ferry that night.

Meanwhile they had discovered that General Kelly's office adjoined the place where they had been garaged, as it were. They sought out the commanding officer, who received them courteously, heard them with wonderful patience under the circumstances—and on the whole was quite sympathetic. But what could he do?

"I can give you your passes," said he, "but I don't see what you are going to do to travel in, unless an ox cart or a broken down wagon, and the roads are almost impassable, even for stanch vehicles. Besides, it is unsafe for you to travel without military escort, and that I have no authority to furnish. If you ladies were prisoners, now, I might send you through our lines under escort all right."

"That may happen to us before we get home," whispered Gertrude flippantly, though she felt like crying. "And this is hardly a fit place, for ladies to spend the night in," continued the general, in his role of Joe's comforter.

"Do you mean that we ought to go back to Baltimore?" asked Belle Boyd energetically.

"Well, you see, ladies, you are in the difficult position of southerners sent south. The present policy of the government is to send all southerners below the line to stay, but they must be well vouched for. I am only explaining the situation to you. I can't very well send you back without authority. Perhaps the best thing for you to do is to



General Joseph E. Johnston.

hold out at the hotel until I can telegraph to General Fisher. My orderly will notify you as soon as I hear from him."

"We will go back and wait," said Gertrude's companion determinedly.

They noticed among the groups thronging the tavern a half dozen gray coated Confederates who had been captured the day before. One of these, evidently an officer, peered restlessly up and down the room, while the guard

kept an eye on him. He peered closely at the two girls as he passed them, and they returned his gaze with interest. Gertrude was wondering if she had not seen that face somewhere before, when suddenly, without stopping or turning his head, the man dropped these words in a stage whisper:

"Are you going south?"

"Yes," answered Belle Boyd like a flash.

At the next turn he muttered: "Take a word?"

Another affirmative.

"Get message to General Johnston at Richmond"—across the room again—"that you saw Captain Thornton here a prisoner."

Captain Thornton! Then it was he—Edward Thornton, Gertrude's Charleston acquaintance of a year ago last spring.

"What shall you do?" she whispered Belle Boyd.

"That will depend on what they are going to do with us here," was the nonchalant reply. "I know this officer. He is an important man. If I can help him out I shall do so."

CHAPTER VI.

Shenandoah's Daughter.

PRESENTLY an orderly came to with a telegram from General Fisher to General Kelly. Its purport was that the ladies had been sent south at their own request, and no further intervention would be practicable.

"A pretty plight we're in!" exclaimed Gertrude, more loudly than she was aware. "We can't go south, we can't return north, and we can't remain here."

"I'll tell you how you can get sent on," said one of the Federal guard. "You jest holler for Jeff Davis, and you'll get sent on quick enough."

"Hurrah for the Confederate flag!" cried Belle Boyd in shrill, sheer bravado.

"Then, as nobody came in response, she led the way back to General Kelly's office."

"It was just as I feared, ladies," said that officer gallantly. "Now, the only thing I can suggest is that maybe you would be willing to take the oath of allegiance. That would simplify matters. What do you say?"

They said nothing, but followed the general into an adjoining room, where a couple of staff officers sat at a writing desk. Federal soldiers were lounging all about, smoking and noise making. A man at the desk started to read the oath aloud. Before he had finished the first sentence Belle Boyd cried out:

"Great saints! It's the 'Ironclad!'"

"We won't listen to it!" declared Gertrude promptly.

With that the two turned and marched out of the room. A loud roar of laughter went up, in which General Kelly joined.

"Just as I expected," said he. "I thought you were game."

"Now, what next, general?" asked Belle Boyd cheerily.

"If we must be hung, please notify us," added Gertrude.

"Another alternative presents itself," the general went on, seriously enough now. "Strange to say, there appears to be a Washington end to this affair, and I am expecting shortly to get word from headquarters. In any event, you will have to stop here over night. So if you will make yourselves as comfortable as circumstances permit we will hope for the best and await developments."

It was late in the evening when next they saw General Kelly. He handed them a telegram which he had just received from Washington. It read:

Miss Page and Mrs. Smith are friends of mine. See them through if you can. If not, will send on an officer to Harpers Ferry tonight. Answer.

"It is from Major General Buckthorn," explained General Kelly. "And here is a copy of my answer to him: 'Will see them through. You need not send.'"

As soon as they were alone together Belle Boyd asked Gertrude:

"Who on earth is Major General Buckthorn? I have never heard of him."

"I have," replied Gertrude, "and he is an influential Federal commander, as you may well believe. But how he ever knew of my being here in a scrape at Harpers Ferry and why he comes to my rescue as a friend in time of need, seeing we have never met personally, I can't for the life of me understand—unless, unless—Oh, I wonder! But, tell me—I am dying of curiosity about that Confederate prisoner who spoke to us—Captain Thornton, was it not?"

"Yes. You know him?"

"The Edward Thornton whom I knew in Charleston did not have that horrid scar on his face."

"It comes in very well as a disguise, then," laughed Belle Boyd, "for Captain Thornton is in the secret service. He is a comrade of mine, and I am going to help him. This meeting has changed my plans, so you won't mind going on alone from Berryville, will you, dear? I mean Miss Page."

"No, except that I shall miss your companionship and the confidence you inspire in me—Mrs. Smith."

Here General Kelly's orderly came to announce that an ambulance would be ready to take the ladies at daybreak, and would they mind sharing their room for the night with a lady and her three children on their way to Charleston?

The remainder of Gertrude's journey was comparatively uneventful, though it did seem odd at one point to have the Federal cavalrymen who escorted the ambulance called into requisition

to protect her against southern stragglers as they neared the lines. She was still nominally a Federal prisoner. Nearing Winchester, a sentry demanded the young lady's papers.

"I have no papers and need none," she answered. "I am at home now. I am Miss Ellingham, and I am going to Belle Bosquet. My brother is in General Jackson's first brigade."

The Federal captain who had escorted her opened his eyes at this and said: "I am sorry to release you, Miss What's-your-name. You might have more chance for employment if you were

to remain north. I mean," he added, catching a dangerous gleam in Gertrude's eye, "that you must find it dull in the south, with no beaux nor nothing?"

"Our beaux are in the field, where, they belong, sir," retorted the girl laughingly.

The captain bowed gallantly and made his adieu. Then Gertrude asked the gray garbed sentry where General Jackson's army was located at the moment.

"I wish to bless you, miss, nobody knows. He might be in Richmond by now or he might be in Washington. They do say as how a letter come along once address to 'General Jackson, Somewhere,' and he got it at Woodstock. But that was 'way back two weeks ago."

Mrs. Haverill, the colonel's wife, had an anxious and busy time of it in Washington. Seeing little of her husband and that little at moments when he was overworked and morose, she found congenial distraction in the companionship of Edith Haverill, Frank's wife, for what the fugitive had told Kerchival West at Charleston was confirmed when the elder Mrs. Haverill went to New York and found the unfortunate, young woman suffering in silence, full of loyalty, courage and gratitude, but in reality knowing no more about Frank's whereabouts than any one else did.

At the warm insistence of the Haverills, Edith came on to Washington and took up her home with them. Here a baby boy was born and they christened him after his father, so that the name of Frank Haverill should still be familiarly spoken in the household.

Then the two women, like so many others both of gentle birth and of lowly station, but above all sisters in affliction, engaged in the work of ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers who filled the wards of the improvised hospitals in the patent office building and elsewhere.

At irregular intervals during the year Edith had received sums of money from an anonymous source, carefully concealed, but somewhere in the army. She knew it was from her husband, but the only time any word accompanied the envoy was shortly after the birth of her baby, when a brief loving message filled the young mother's heart with joy and gratitude.

This communication afforded no tangible clue as to the writer's whereabouts, but it was the means of setting on foot a systematic search on the part of Colonel Haverill, who beneath the mask of Spartan indifference had in reality rejoiced at hearing of his son's resolution to make atonement by enlisting as a soldier, as reported by Kerchival West after the farewell secret interview at Charleston a year ago.

Knowing that Columbia college, New York city, had furnished a large number of recruits to the local volunteer regiments at the first call of President Lincoln, Colonel Haverill directed his inquiries among such of Frank's former classmates as he could locate in the army. He was successful to the extent of ascertaining that his son had taken special pains, in enlisting, to avoid any possible comradeship with those who knew of his disgrace. Under an assumed name he had in all probability gone south and joined the Union army of the Missouri.

With sinking heart Colonel Haverill thought of the unknown dead of the great battle of Shiloh, on the far Tennessee. And then, remembering that all evidences of his son's existence in so far as the anxious young wife and mother in Washington were concerned, had ceased some months back, he only shook his head when Edith and Mrs. Haverill asked him daily if he had learned any tidings.

The colonel and his wife were none the less fond of their southern wards. Gertrude and Robert Ellingham, now that of necessity they no longer stood toward them in loco parentis.

Whatever stern military aloofness the Federal military officer may have felt obligatory upon him was compensated by a new tenderness on the part of Mrs. Haverill, particularly toward Gertrude, whom she regarded as the innocent victim of a most unfortunate potential misunderstanding. This feeling Gertrude reciprocated and equally with out a suspicion of resentment.

Mrs. Haverill and Gertrude, as has been intimated, maintained a practically continuous correspondence. Gertrude wrote regularly to her Confederate brother, Robert Ellingham. Madeleine West, on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line, also wrote to Robert, her "rebel" sweetheart, in a nonpartisan way, which also was quite different from sisterly. Of course, Bob wrote to both the girls, and it would have been highly embarrassing if he had ever got the epistles mixed. Madeleine answered the copious letters and inquiries of her brother, Kerchival West, as best she could.

Jenny Buckthorn was heard to remark that Captain Heartsease's pen was mightier than his sword, so there must have been some epistolary interchange between these two also when the captain was away from Washington. As for General Buckthorn, still at home slowly recovering from his wound, and Colonel Haverill, preoccupied with active military responsibilities, these two old soldiers stuck doggedly to their respective duties and kept their own counsel.

Such was the complicated, unorganized system of "grapevine telegraph," which in civil war time practically did the service of what in latter days would be called the wireless.

Gertrude had been home in the valley perhaps a fortnight when she received the following illuminative epistle from her brother:

Charlottesville, June 15.
Dearest Sister—We have left the valley. I suppose to join in the defense of Richmond. You know what that means under Jackson. This is the first moment I have found to write to you since you decided to quit for home. I know what you have passed through, but do you know how I came about that? You got through as luck would have it. Probably not. Now, I will tell you. It was very well for the Richmond department to send you in certain company by way of Baltimore, but when it came to the pinch at Harpers Ferry influence at Washington had to be

Continued on page three

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SHENANDOAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

brought to bear. Whose influence? General Buckthorn's. General Buckthorn must have acted at the prompting of some other Federal officer, presumably Colonel H. And how did our dear colonel happen to be so alert in behalf of a couple of southern women traveling at their own risk?

Gertrude Kerchival W. is, or was, in Washington either on sick leave or on some confidential mission. He must have moved heaven and earth and even strained a point or two of discipline for your sake. I don't know the exact circumstances, but I do know old Kerchival. God bless him! He can't help it if he is a Yankee.

Now you know what he did for you and perhaps you will understand the ugly look I must have taken for him at Washington when I tell you that your dangerous traveling companion took advantage of the situation to wheedle the Federal guard at Berryville into making an exchange of prisoners with our guard and thus rescued a certain secret service officer whom you and I know only too well and who is now back again in the Confederate service. What is to come of it all I don't know, but, as I said, keep this closely to yourself and never forget it.

When you will next hear from me and what you will hear no mortal can predict—except that I shall be found in the line of duty. May heaven bless and keep us all in the constant prayer of your errant brother.

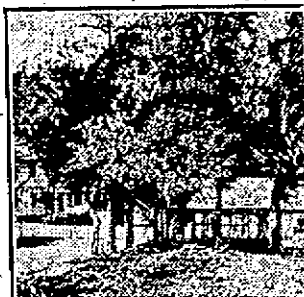
CHAPTER VII.

"He's a Yankee Spy!"

WILLIE Gertrude Ellingham read and reread and pondered and cried over this letter and kissed it fervently, as if in concealment from her very self, the five army corps of McClellan, having encountered the defensive Confederate forces now under direct command of General Robert E. Lee, had fought the indecisive battle of Fair Oaks, otherwise called Seven Pines, and were lined up along the Chickahominy stream, almost within gunshot of Richmond.

They thought Lee had detached a corps and sent it westward to reinforce Jackson in the valley. Instead, Jackson was sweeping eastward to join Lee, who more than a year after the commencement of the war was at last to take active command of a large army in the field.

General McClellan on the threshold of his grand opportunity at the gates of Richmond opened his assault upon Lee's lines of defense at Beaver dam, near Mechanicsville, on the Chickahominy. It was the first of the Seven Days' battles, soon to go into history. There was fierce fighting every day that week—at Gaines' Mill, Savage Sta-



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McClellan Opened His Assault Near Mechanicsville.

tion, Glendale, all through the dark and desolate White Oak swamp and along the sluggish, noisome Chickahominy. Jackson, in his old time fighting form again, in the field with Lee, Stuart and Longstreet, strove to make up for lost time and did his full share in forcing the enemy steadily back from Richmond. But that enemy was McClellan, a foe of different caliber from any the Virginians hitherto had faced.

McClellan was indeed doggedly falling back toward the James river, but as soon as he got into communication with the Federal gunboats on that stream he concentrated his artillery on Malvern hill and made a stand which demonstrated that his so called "change of base" from the York to the James river, whatever necessity may have dictated it, was a military movement executed in masterly fashion.

Amid the horrors of that retreat in which were included thousands of sick and wounded who could not have attracted but for the dread of the tobacco warehouses in which the southerners penned their prisoners of war—a young lieutenant clad in the remnants of a blue uniform which at first opportunity he exchanged with a dead soldier for a suit of dingy gray, crept off into the thickets of the Willis Church road along the slope of the hill.

Parched with fever and crippled with a wounded foot, he lay there all night in the feverish damps, then pressed on at daybreak in what he thought to be the direction in which the Federal troops had moved off the night before.

As he drew near what looked like a deserted cabin in a lonely gulch, an old, dilapidated looking negro ran out and, glancing at the fugitive's uniform, implored him to "jest send a 'spatch to Charleston that old master

was sick and los' to de wilderness, an' den mebbe somebody would send or come to git him."

The young wayfarer would have been glad to get off a dispatch somewhere else in his own behalf, but that signified nothing. He followed the gaunt old negro into the cabin.

There, on a bed of juniper boughs, lay gasping and choking a Confederate soldier with a ghastly bullet hole in his forehead, and the stamp of death on his lifeless face. An elderly, gray haired man, evidently a surgeon, knelt on the ground and made feeble efforts to minister to the comfort of the dying one, while his own teeth chattered and his hands shook with age.

"Dat's Dr. Ellingham," the negro whispered, "and he's one of de richest men in Charleston, when he's home. But we ain't got no money now, and here's poor Sam Pinckney shot—I reckon de Tanks have done for him, sho'. De doctor's a little bit out of his head, too, on 'count of de fever, but he reckoned he'd stick to Sam, an' of course I sticks to de doctor."

"Pete!" said Dr. Ellingham.

dazed way. "You ought ask de gentleman if he has anything besides water in his canteen."

The young man drew a small wicker flask from his pocket and handed it over. The surgeon reached out a shaking hand, then said:

"You had better give him a little; you are steadier than I am."

Here the wounded man made a sound as if choking.

"Mebbe it's phlegm in his throat," said the faithful old slave. He poked a black finger into the poor fellow's mouth and pulled out a quid of tobacco that must have been there ever since Sam was shot. Then a small quantity of liquor was poured between the pallid lips, but the case seemed hopeless.

At that instant loud voices were heard outside, and then a Confederate captain and two soldiers rushed into the cabin.

"Ah, here they are!" shouted the captain. "Major Ellingham, I've been searching for you everywhere. You shouldn't have left the ambulance in your condition. Pete, you black scoundrel, is that the way you take care of your master?"

"I am glad you have come, Captain Thornton," said Dr. Ellingham, feebly. "Here is Sam Pinckney, in very bad shape."

"And whom have we here?" asked the captain, staring at the young stranger who had proffered the flask and paying no attention to the wounded man.

"Great God! Ed Thornton—I thought I knew you!" exclaimed the young man addressed, peering into the insolent, scarred face of his questioner. "And I presume you know me as well."

"I know you're in a pretty ticklish position with that Union belt on under a Confederate uniform and inside our lines. Men, search your prisoner. He's a Yankee spy."

"That's a lie, Thornton, and you know it. I was in the fight, open and fair, and I wouldn't be here now only that I stopped to try to help your comrades. Let me alone, I say."

He struggled so fiercely, despite his weak condition, that the efforts of the



Libby Prison.

two soldiers were required to hold him while Thornton minutely searched his person.

"Letters—Washington and New York postmarks—and—ah! What have we here? Pretty little sentimental keepsake, eh? Where have I seen the lady's face? Pardon me if I read this inscription on the back of the case."

What he had found was a miniature, the portrait of a lady, carefully protected in a morocco case. The owner related so desperately the taking of this treasure that he finally sank to the floor, livid, panting, foaming and cursing, as Captain Thornton mockingly read the lines inscribed on the back of the picture:

The flashing light may lighten thy form
In living lines of breathing grace,
May give each that a tone as warm
As that which melts o'er thy dear face
But in my soul and on my heart
With deeper colors, truer aim,
A lovelier power than meager art
Hath graven thy image and thy name.

"He is dead," said Dr. Ellingham, letting the band of poor Sam Pinckney, which he had been holding, fall limp and lifeless to the ground.

"Well, major, that relieves you from duty here. I'll have an ambulance sent around at once. As for the Yankee gentleman, I will take good care of his valuable while he is escorted to Richmond and put up at the Hotel de Libby."

With these taunting words Captain Thornton laughed diabolically, then lit a cigar and stood in the doorway of the cabin gazing remissly upon the miniature which held the fair features of Mrs. Constance Harverill.

The old warehouse of the Libbys, down on Carey street, near the James river, was the largest structure of its kind in Richmond. It was a vast, dingy, four storied red brick building, with nothing but naked walls, bare timbers and low rafters drying rooms, whose small windows were not intended primarily to admit light. A few iron bars on these windows and a flimsy partition here and there to divide the floor space into "rooms," had sufficed to transform the pungent smelling old shell into a capacious military prison for Federal captives whose official rank saved them from the unsheltered pens and stockades of Belle Isle or of Salisbury and Andersonville farther south.

Only officers were imprisoned in Libby prison, and most of the time there were from 1,500 to 2,000 motley, ragged, pale faced men pining there, cramped and squallid and liable to be shot down relentlessly if they crossed a "dead line" within two or three feet of the barred windows. Some of these poor fellows listlessly carved crucifixes and wooden toys with their jackknives; others played cards squatted on the door or checkers on boards marked off in rude squares on these same rough, unswept planks. All hoped against hope and conversed endlessly on two topics—"exchange" and "escape."

Letters from home were rare, gifts and provisions still rarer. Nevertheless some fortuitous combination of circumstances and outcropping of ordinary human kindness did on certain memorable occasions permit a suit of clothes or a box of sweets and other creature comforts to escape Confederate confiscation and get past the draw-bridge of the military lustle.

One of these occasions that brought reasonable rejoicings to a certain lot of Libby occurred just before the date of national thanksgiving, in the latter part of November.

The blood red rays of sunset were streaming through the one small, high, grated window that lighted a bare room where some men were dejectedly playing cards for scraps of tobacco, while others sat around on rough benches and watched or smoked or dozed. One who was either sick or wounded lay on a couch, with a coarse blanket over him. Two or three of the card players joined their unmelancholic voices in crooning an old fashioned Methuist hymn.

"That's right, boys," said the hymn leader, an unctuous looking Housler whom they addressed sometimes as "chaplain" and again as "deacon," "cheer up a bit. If you can't be cheerful, be as cheerful as you can. Think—think of your heavenly home."

"Too far off," muttered Captain Cox, a Kentuckian.

"Well, then, think of your earthly home—the apple trees in blossom when you left it, of the afternoon sunlight falling on it this minute out there in Kentucky or Ohio or wherever it is. Mine's in Indiana; thank God! I remember when I was—"

"Deacon," protested the sick man, "I'm not feeling very chipper today."

"Oh, you'll come round all right. Tomorrow's Thanksgiving. As I was saying—"

"That's what poor Ralph's afraid of, deacon," interposed Captain Cox. "Monotony is what's killing him, and I'll leave it to you if the novelty isn't long since worn off those endless reminiscences of the time when you used to be—"

"Rear admiral on the Wabash canal," chimed the chorists.

"All right, boys, pipe all the fun at me you like, smile me on the other cheek. You know I'm meek and lowly. Darn this hand of cards anyway. But with all your cuteness I'll bet \$5,000 of you can tell how we used to like to sail out there on the Wabash, eh?"

"Well, sir, they go out aloft on the towpath and knock down a mile."

"Ho, ho! How's that, Ralph?" laughed Cox, rising and going over to the sick man's couch. "Come, brighten up. Are you sick in mind too?"

Hunt sighed impatiently. Deacon Hart rallied again.

"Look on the bright side, what may happen any minute. Suppose, first thing you know, you get called out and exchanged. Just as soon as our army captures some of the Jubnobs, if it ever does. Then you can go home on crutches, and the neighbors'll bring in a dozen different things at once to kill or cure you."

"I don't seem to care about any thing," said Ralph thoughtfully. "I can't die on the field it may as well be here as anywhere else."

"It's a good thing I'm here to give you spiritual counsel," interjected Deacon Hart, turning away from his cards for a second. "Oh, is it my deal?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Thackeray Dedication.

A doctor who achieved literary immortality by his refusal of a fee was John Elliotson, who attended Thackeray during a serious illness in 1843. To him in return Thackeray dedicated "Pendennis."

"Thirteen months ago," he wrote, "when it seemed likely that this story had come to a close, a kind friend brought you to my bedside, whence, in all probability, I never should have risen but for your constant watchfulness and skill. I like to recall your great goodness and kindness (as well as many acts of others, showing quite a surprising friendship and sympathy) at that time, when kindness and friendship were most needed and welcome. And as you would take no other fee but thanks let me record them here on behalf of me and mine."

A Mere Trifle Anyhow.

An eminent German scientist who recently visited this country with a number of his colleagues was dining at an American house and telling how much he had enjoyed various phases of his visit.

"How did you like our railroad trains?" his host asked him.

"Ach, they are wonderful!" the German gentleman replied, "so swift, so safe—cheerfully—and such luxury! All the furnishings and appointments are all excellent except one thing—our wives do not like the upper berth!"—Harper's Weekly.

De Quincey and the Census.

De Quincey once had to fill up a census paper, and the set questions puzzled him greatly. He finally managed to characterize his occupation as "writer to the magazines," but when it came to the occupations of his three daughters his troubles began again. At last he put a ring around their names and wrote, "They are like illies of the field—they tell not, neither do they spin."

Happy Days.

However varied the courses of our life, whatsoever the phase of pleasure and ambition through which it has swept along, still, when in memory we would revive the times that were comparatively the happiest, these times will be found to have been the calmest.—Bulwer Lytton.

Except.

Wiggs—After all, life is just a matter of pay your money and take your choice, you know. Diggs—Yes, except when it's a matter of pay your money and take your chance instead.—Judge

His Real Need.

"Young Jones says that all that he needs is a start."

"No. What he needs is a self start."—American Lumberman.

BRITAIN'S CABINET

It Really Has No Legal Warrant For Its Existence.

YET IT RULES THE NATION.

This Most Powerful and Important Committee in the World Is Without a Staff, a Secretary, a Seal or a Minute Book and Has No Fixed Home.

Sidney Low, the English writer, calls attention to the fact that the British cabinet has really no standing in law, though it is actually the body which rules England. He makes several interesting statements in describing the situation.

The British cabinet has long been one of the mysteries of that greater mystery, the British constitution. To be quite exact, indeed, it is not correct to call it a part of the British constitution, for strictly speaking it is unknown to the constitution. The cabinet today rules the country, but it has no legal status. It was not until about 1901 that the word "cabinet" appeared on the notice paper or other official document.

A cabinet minister takes the same oath that every privy councillor takes, "to be a true and faithful servant unto the king's majesty as one of his majesty's privy council" and "to keep secret all matters committed and revealed unto you or that shall be treated secretly in council." The entire body of the privy council is supposed to advise the sovereign on affairs of state, but to be made a privy councillor today is practically an empty honor. It is regarded as a high compliment, but if a privy councillor is not a member of the cabinet he hears no secrets and performs no official functions.

All the executive and political functions of privy councillors have passed into the hands of those of them who form the cabinet, which is really a secret committee of the king's servants who in practice collectively rule the country so long as they remain in office.

"But," as Sidney Low writes in an article in the London Daily Mail, "no act of parliament ever gave them these powers, which could not be asserted or defended in any court of law. They are due to prescription, accident and custom."

"Technically the cabinet as a cabinet can do nothing. It cannot even write a letter or issue a signed order. It has not indeed the means of doing so, for it does not keep a clerk or a typewriter; it has no office, nor has it any money wherewith to buy a sheet of note paper. The most powerful and important committee in the world is without a staff, a secretary, a seal, a minute book or a fixed location."

"When a cabinet council sits it has no agenda before it, nor has it any record of what was done at its last meeting. No one keeps the minutes, and it is still deemed a little contrary to etiquette for any minister to take a note of the proceedings or indeed to write anything at the meetings at all."

"In fact, the cabinet council is still treated as if it were nothing more than a casual private consultation between a few of the privy councillors. It bears the traces of its ancestry, for it was born over the dinner table."

"It originated in the reign of Queen Anne in those famous Saturday dinners at which a select group of the privy council assembled to discuss the affairs of their party without the presence of the queen and of colleagues whose presence was not desired. The cabinet has always kept to the tradition. It is a secret committee of government and a secret committee of the dominant party in parliament,

CANNOT HOLD OUT VERY LONG

Adrianople Reported Racked by Famine and Disease

BALKAN ENVOYS IN NO HURRY

Peace Parley Will Not Be Renewed Until Turkey Is Ready to Make Proposals Worth Considering—Ambassadors Hoping Adrianople Difficulty Will Solve Itself

London, Jan. 10.—The progress toward a resumption of the peace negotiations between the Balkan allies and the Turkish empire is slow. It may, however, be accelerated after yesterday's meeting at the foreign office of the European ambassadors, who are expected to agree on united action which they hope may put an end to the deadlock in the event that intervention should become necessary.

The delegates in the meantime are consulting in separate groups, but the allies do not appear anxious to convene another meeting of the conference until Turkey is ready to make proposals which promise a basis for fruitful discussion.

Dr. Danoff, the chief Bulgarian plenipotentiary, received cipher messages from the Bulgarian capital which represented conditions in Adrianople as appalling and the fall of the city is imminent.

The capitulation of Adrianople will, in the opinion of the Balkan plenipotentiaries, take place within a few days, either directly to the besieging forces, or through European pressure. Pending some fresh development the Balkan delegates are keeping in closest touch with the ambassadors because they are aware that some of the questions they have most at heart depend almost entirely on the will of the powers.

Meanwhile the ambassadorial conference is doing little, hoping that the Adrianople difficulty will solve itself in some manner, and thus make interference by the powers unnecessary. Moreover, the action of the ambassadors is hampered by the previous agreement that they must be unanimous in any decision requiring active interference.

Should the fall of Adrianople still be delayed, now that the conference is suspended, it might become imperative for Europe to intervene, otherwise Europe would lose the prestige entitling her to dictate her will in smaller matters, such as creating an autonomous Albania and partitioning the Aegean Islands.

One suggestion is that, failing a better solution, Adrianople might be ceded to the powers, who could transfer it to the allies after permitting the Turkish garrison to depart with the honors of war, and guaranteeing other conditions, such as the preservation of religious and property rights to the Turks and the creation of special courts for the trial of civil disputes arising between the Mussulmans.

With regard to the condition of affairs in Adrianople, The Times correspondent says:

"According to letters from the Bulgarian lines before Adrianople, Turkish deserters, who are coming in every day, declare that sickness and disease are making havoc in the ranks of the surviving troops and citizens. There is reason to think that the food supply is by no means exhausted, but it is believed here that the Turkish help apparent is in the beleaguered city."

TO MANAGE HIGHLANDERS

Chance Will Get \$120,000 For Three-Year Contract in American League Chicago, Jan. 9.—The American league has brought out its heaviest battalions and captured Frank Chance.

The former Chicago National league team's manager was signed yesterday afternoon to manage the New York club at a salary and interest which amounts to \$120,000 for the three years for which he signed—the largest amount ever paid a baseball player.

Of this sum, \$75,000 is salary and the remainder the estimated value of 5 percent of the net earnings of the club.

Train Decapitates Alderman Boston, Jan. 10.—Alderman Charles A. Furness of Everett, a switchman, aged 52, was killed instantly in the freight yards of the Boston and Maine railroad in Charlestown by a train. His head was severed.

INVESTIGATION IN ORDER

Mrs. Gray Charges That Diseased Beef Is Sold to Indians

Washington, Jan. 10.—Sales of diseased beef to Crow Indians, with knowledge of interior department officials, was charged by Mrs. Helen P. Gray, an investigator, before the senate Indian affairs committee hearing Senator Townsend's resolution to direct the interior department to send the Crow records to the attorney general for investigation.

Mrs. Gray declared that beef or cattle with lumpy jaw sold to the Indians by license of their lands had produced lumpy jaw in the Indians. Townsend declared he was convinced gross frauds had been practised on the Indians, and that investigation should be made.

EXPULSION FROM YALE

Result of Athlete Fynn's Marriage to Winter Garden Actress

New Haven, Jan. 8.—Maurice B. ("Lefty") Fynn is expelled from Yale. The varsity football marriage to Irene Leary, the Winter Garden actress, has acted automatically as his expulsion.

In Fynn, Yale loses her best candidate for pitcher of next season's nine, the star back of the eleven and the best all-round athlete in the college; his loss coming as a heavy blow to the already weakened varsity teams.

There is no rule of the university which compels a student who marries during his school days to leave, but Director Chittenden of the Sheffield scientific school declared last night that the marriage of a student under "notorious" conditions, as that under which Fynn's marriage is described, acts of itself as the student's dismissal from the university.

FOR DESTRUCTION OF MAIL

Two Suffragettes Are Sent to Jail For Eight Months Each

London, Jan. 10.—Long sentences were passed on two of the militant suffragettes, many of whom, in recent months, have engaged in a campaign of destruction of the mails.

May Billingham and Louisa Gay, two of the first to be arrested in connection with these outrages, were brought up for trial at the Old Bailey and condemned to eight months' imprisonment each.

The evidence showed that letter boxes throughout the centre and West End of London had been damaged, together with their contents, by use of acids and by other means. Many valuable documents had been destroyed in this way. These included money orders, contracts, checks and banknotes.

PASSED AS A GIRL FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS

High School Student Shifts From Skirts to Boy's Clothing

Victor, Col., Jan. 10.—After masquerading since childhood as a girl, Irene Moynahan, 18, with Christmas, a student in the Victor high school, has been found to be a boy and is now on his way dressed in boy's clothing to join his father and brother in Bisbee, Ariz.

Mrs. Timothy Moynahan, Irene's mother, refuses to give any reason for the deception other than that she "wanted a girl." The father and brother, according to the mother, did not know anything about the deception and they were to be informed for the first time in a letter that Irene was taking with him to Arizona.

The facts in the case were discovered by Marshal Welucke of La Junta, who arrested Irene on a train on suspicion that he was a fugitive trying to get out of the state disguised as a girl.

THE PANTHER IS SAFE

Supply Ship Reports to Naval Department From Cuban Port

Washington, Jan. 10.—The naval repair ship Panther, for whose safety fears were felt, reported her arrival at Guantanamo late yesterday.

The Panther, proceeded to Cape Cruz, on the southern coast of Cuba, and will be on duty for torpedo practice to be held in the Gulf of Guacanabo, as a part of the winter maneuvers of the Atlantic fleet.

Unfounded reports to the effect that the Panther was lost had caused scores of inquiries to be made at the navy department by relatives of the officers and 174 men aboard her.

SIGNED BY GOVERNOR

Child Labor Bill Becomes a Law in Green Mountain State

Montpelier, Vt., Jan. 9.—A bill limiting the hours of labor for children under 16 years of age or women in manufacturing establishments to ten hours a day, with a maximum of fifty-eight hours a week, which had passed both branches of the legislature, was signed by Governor Fletcher.

The bill also provides that women shall not be required to work for two weeks before or four weeks after childbirth.

BURIED IN SLEEPY HOLLOW

Simple Ceremony as Body of Ambassador Reid Is Laid Away

Tarrytown, N. Y., Jan. 6.—The body of Whitelaw Reid was buried in Sleepy Hollow cemetery here with simple ceremonies.

As the coffin was placed in the vault the committal service was read by Rev. Howard C. Robbins and a prayer was made by Rev. G. Talbot Rogers.

The funeral party returned to New York on a special train.

Cubans In Bloodless Duel

Havana, Jan. 10.—In consequence of an article in La Lucha criticising Senator Ferrara, the speaker of the house, the latter fought a duel with Miguel Coyula, one of the editors. Neither was hurt.

Ex-Evangelist In Sing Sing

New York, Jan. 8.—Percy L. Davis, a former alderman, and Eben J. Owen, one time evangelist, were sentenced to not less than one year and not more than twenty months in Sing Sing. They were convicted of extorting money from Mrs. Eva B. Carroll.

DIVIDENDS OF 226 PERCENT

Paid In Last Four Years by First National Bank of New York

BAKER GIVES HIS TESTIMONY

Special Dividends For New Investments to Evade Law—Would Keep Depositors in Dark Regarding Nature of Securities—Power of Money Trust Committee Is Questioned

Washington, Jan. 10.—Enormous profits by the First National bank of New York city were recounted by George F. Baker, chairman of the board of directors of the bank, as a witness before the house money trust committee.

Baker furnished the committee with records showing that since its organization in 1863 with a capitalization of \$500,000 the bank has made profits amounting to more than \$50,000,000.

In the four years since 1908, Baker told the committee, the bank had paid dividends of 226 percent, or more than twice the total capitalization, which is now \$10,000,000. When the capital was increased to that amount in 1901, a special dividend of \$9,500,000 was declared, Baker said, to enable the stockholders to take up the additional investment.

In 1908, in order to provide \$10,000,000 of cash for the organization of the First Securities company to take over the business which the bank could not do under the law, Baker said, a special dividend of \$10,000,000 was declared. This was in addition to the regular yearly dividends.

Samuel Untermyer, counsel for the committee, from the figures supplied by Baker, calculated that since he assumed the presidency of the First National, in 1873, that institution has paid dividends of 18.55 percent on its original capitalization.

Baker flatly opposed the suggestion made by Untermyer that national banks be required to make public their assets, in order that depositors and stockholders might know the nature of the securities held by the banks, the witness declaring he saw no possible good that could come of such a provision.

That there is no impropriety in one man holding directorship in two or more potentially competitive banks, railroads or other industrial corporations, was another stand taken by Baker. Untermyer reviewed with him a long list of railroads in which he was a director, some of which the lawyer held were potentially competing lines. Baker declared that it was rather an advantage to hold such directorships "because differences between the companies can thus be readily adjusted."

"Such a situation," he continued, "is often beneficial to all parties concerned."

The witness did not approve of the "voting trust" form of control of corporations by which the stockholders turn over their voting rights to voting trustees, but said he would not disapprove of it if stockholders desired.

What may become a test in the courts of the power of the committee in investigating the affairs of the national banks developed when the committee and the house unanimously directed the speaker to certify to the district attorney of the District of Columbia the case of George G. Henry, the New York banker, who refused to divulge the names of national officers who profited by the flotation of California Petroleum stock. The district attorney will be asked to proceed against Henry for contempt.

HUNTER PAYS \$500 FINE

Money Goes to Young Son of Maine Guide Who Was Killed

Skowhegan, Me., Jan. 9.—William Wilding of Indianapolis, who was charged with negligently shooting and killing Warren Holden, a guide, was discharged from custody on payment of \$500 and costs, amounting in all to \$675. The court stipulated that the \$500 should be used for the benefit of the 8-year-old son of Holden.

Wilding for a number of years has spent his annual vacation hunting in this state. He mistook Holden for a deer while the two were on a hunting trip.

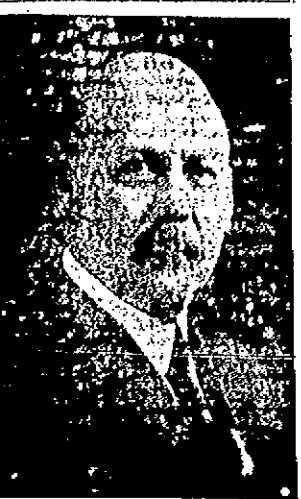
Gleason Loses Suit Against Mrs. Thaw New York, Jan. 10.—Attorney John B. Gleason lost his suit against Mrs. Mary C. Thaw to recover \$53,000 counsel fees for defending her son, Harry K. Thaw, at his first trial for murder. The federal court ordered a decision in Mrs. Thaw's favor, with costs.

Bank Fails For Nearly \$3,000,000 Marseilles, Jan. 10.—The banking house of Rodriguez Ely suspended, with liabilities estimated at nearly \$3,000,000. An investigation will be made.

Lane Heads Interstate Board Washington, Jan. 9.—Franklin K. Lane, interstate commerce commissioner, was elected chairman of the commission by his associates, to serve during the coming year. He succeeds Charles A. Proctor.

Suicide at Close of Banquet Paris, Jan. 9.—Marcelin Ader, a young painter of Bordeaux, gave a banquet, at the close of which he shot himself to death at the table in the presence of his friends.

JOHN W. WEEKS
Pushes to the Front in Coldest For Senatorship



DEADLOCK CONTINUES

Weeks Takes the Lead in Bay State Senatorial Caucus

Boston, Jan. 10.—The Republican members of the legislature were again deadlocked on the nomination of a candidate for United States senator when adjournment was taken after the seventeenth ballot last night.

Congressman Weeks took the lead over Congressman McCall on the ninth ballot yesterday, and maintained it until adjournment.

When the caucus adjourned to today, the result stood as follows: Weeks, 73; McCall, 66; Guild, 8; Lawrence, 3; Draper, 2.

For a choice ninety-four votes were necessary. There were 159 of the 164 Republican members present.

WARSHIP GOAT GETS ADMIRAL'S "GUAT"

Leads to Order Barring Mascots and Pets at Norfolk

Norfolk, Jan. 9.—A belligerent billy goat's lack of respect for the uniform, it is said, was the cause for an order of Rear Admiral Doyle banning all of the sailors' pets and mascots from battleships, cruisers and receiving ships at this station.

Admiral Doyle is reported to have been inside the uniform when the goat, a mascot aboard the New Hampshire, butted it so vigorously that it toppled over on the deck. The goat is now an exile, and with him went a long train of cats, dogs, parrots, bears and other goats. Doyle is commandant of the Norfolk navy yard.

COMMISSION IS LEGAL

Vermont Supreme Court So Decides on Public Service Body

Montpelier, Vt., Jan. 8.—The public service commission of Vermont was declared by the state supreme court to be a legal body. The decision is rendered in a suit against the Rutland railroad for certain concessions in Alburg. The public service commission approved of the concessions and the railroad company appealed in order to test the commission's authority.

Fifteen measures have been held in committees of the legislature pending the decision of the court on the legality of the commission.

Dogs Provide Skin For Burned Boy St. Louis, Jan. 10.—The skins of the stomachs of eight puppies have been grafted on the legs of Ralph Keris, 7 years old, of this city, who was burned, but five more dogs will be sacrificed to provide more skin.

RINGWORM ON CHEEK AND BEHIND EAR

Running Into Scalp. Hot and Itching. Scales Formed. Had to Cut Hair. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Two Weeks.

Somerville, N. J.—"My daughter's ringworm was quite obstinate. First a red spot appeared on her cheek and another just behind her scalp about the size of a dime. They were hot and itching. Scales formed and caused her to scratch, which made it inflamed and sometimes drew the blood. I tried then, and then, and then, but it kept growing. I had to cut the hair from the ringworm that ran in the scalp. It must have been of two weeks' standing as it had grown to a good size, when I got my husband to get me a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I washed it with hot water and Cuticura Soap then applied the Cuticura Ointment. The first application benefited her. When my sample was used I saw it was not so large and angry, so I bought a box of Cuticura Ointment, and a cake of Cuticura Soap and applied them three times a day. The constant use for four or five days checked its growth and in two weeks more she was entirely cured. Cuticura Soap and Ointment also cured my son in two weeks of a case of ringworm." (Signed) Mrs. A. E. Neville, Dec. 19, 1911.

Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. A single set is often sufficient. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 23-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

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It not only save time and expense, but furnishes the most valid receipt.

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CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can convert all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today.

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A Full Line of all the

NEW AND IMPROVED VARIETIES OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

and Now is the Time to LOOK UP AND SEE WHAT SEED IS WANTED.

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IT'S IT.

Cheapest and Best Seed Will not rot. Water proof. Acid and Alkali Proof. Waterproof and time-defying. Requires no cooking for many years. Coated both sides, won't rot underneath. Can be used on steep or flat roof. Elastic and flexible. Fire-Resisting.

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Never-Leak

Roofing.

WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

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STANDARD COURSES IN

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SHORT COURSES (Two Years) in

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- Mechanics
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Free Tuition. Excellent Equipment. Board \$175 per week; lodging, heat, light, 40 cents per week. Standard entrance requirements for degree courses. Location beautiful; healthful and accessible. Address

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If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal, or if the time have been attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Double prescriptions given personal attention.

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SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper, 10 or more successful country boys. W. T. FLETCHER, N. Y.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

"We have formed a society to get a new depot for Plunkville." "And what will become of your society after you get the depot?" "By that time it will probably be suitable for an Olden Inhabitant's association."—Pittsburgh Post.

City Editor—It was a very fashionable divorce, eh? Society Editor—Very. The chief justice presided and the decree was issued at high noon.

HISTORIC SWORDS

A Pair That Did Duty at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

ENEMIES IN THAT CONFLICT.

Now They Are Clashed in Peace in the Massachusetts Historical Society Building—A Legacy From the Historian Prescott and His Wife.

The most impressive memorials of the battle of Bunker Hill are the huge shaft over to Charlestown and a pair of swords which hang crossed like a pair of elated hands over the door of the building of the Massachusetts Historical society.

Both these swords were used in the heroic duel of June 17, 1776, the one by the commander of the patriot forces, the other by the captain of one of the British war vessels which bombarded Charlestown and protected the crossing of the English troops. And for many years these swords, which had not been beaten into plowshares after the Scriptural prophecy, but which had become the symbols of peace nevertheless, hung upon the wall of a great American historian whose father was the son of the American commander and whose wife was the granddaughter of the British captain.

It was to these weapons that Thackeray referred in the very first paragraph of his novel "The Virginians," which reads thus:

"On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives were in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the king, and the other was the weapon of the brave and honored republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name alike honored in his ancestors' country and his own, where genius such as his has always a powerful welcome."

William Ellsworth Prescott, author of "The Conquest of Mexico," "Ferdinand and Isabella," and other fascinating histories, the grandson in his paternal line of Colonel William Prescott, who held the hill against the British grenadiers and gave the world the first taste of the valor of the Continentals and whose wife was the granddaughter of Captain John Linzee of the royal navy, who commanded the sloop of war Falcon during the battle, was the writer to whom Thackeray referred.

The only son of Colonel Prescott of Bunker Hill, named for his father, was born thirteen years before the battle was fought in Charlestown. This son was educated at Harvard, graduating with the class of 1833. Admitted to the bar in 1837, he became eminent in his profession and accumulated a fortune. His wife was Catherine Green Ellington, the daughter of a Boston merchant who was afterward consul in the Azores. The future historian was their son.

Captain John Linzee on that April day in 1775 was charged with the duty of cannonading the rebels and covering the passage of the British soldiers. The British ships of war were moored at various points in front of the Charlestown peninsula.

Three years after the battle, on Aug. 3, 1778, the Falcon was sunk off Newport, R. I., to prevent its capture by the French fleet under Admiral d'Estaing.

This Captain Linzee's daughter, Hannah Linzee, became the wife of one of the leading merchants of Boston, Thomas C. Amory, and it was the daughter of Thomas and Hannah Amory, Susan Amory, whom William H. Prescott married. Thus the two swords came into the possession of one family.

The historian had a degree of pride in his ancestry and liked to discourse upon occasion about these swords. In this respect he resembled Sir Walter Scott. The weapons used to hang over the recess of the great window in his library used commonly as a reception room, where they were the more conspicuous because of the thousands of books, the busts and the pictures by which they were surrounded. It was from the room of the scholar that these ancestral memorials were removed to the quarters of the historical society. That happened in this wise:

Upon the death of the historian it was found that the thirteenth item in his will read thus: "The sword of Colonel William Prescott, worn by him in the battle of Bunker Hill, I give to the Massachusetts Historical society as a curiously suitable to be preserved among their collections, and the sword which belonged to my wife's grandfather, Captain Linzee of the British royal navy, who commanded one of the enemy's ships during the same battle, I give to my wife."

When William H. Gardner on April 14, 1859, sent a letter to Robert C. Winthrop, president of the Historical society, formally conveying the information that the swords were to become the property of the institution he said as to the Linzee sword, "Mrs. Prescott and the other heirs of Captain Linzee unite in requesting me to present at the same time in their behalf the sword of their ancestor also. (That the two, enriched by all the memories which now belong to them, may still hang together on its walls.)"

The letter read, a cover was removed from a packet on the officers' table, and there were the swords, crossed presumably as they had been on the library wall and as they are today.—Boston Herald.

Courage is resistance to fear, mastery of fear—not absence of fear.

The Retort Vicious.

The Ex-Hero—Ah, my boy, when I played Hamlet the audience took fifteen minutes to leave the house.

The Vicious Ex-Comedian (coldly)—Was he lame?—London Answers.

Life is made up of little things, and he that scorns them despises his own real interest.—Barker.

SPINNING EGGS.

Relation of Fluid Friction to the Solidity of the Earth.

An interesting experiment exhibits the phenomenon of fluid friction. Take two eggs, one raw, the other hard-boiled, and suspend them by wires from an electric light fixture or other support, their long axes being vertical. Then if they be gently turned around once or twice it is found that while the boiled egg continues to revolve the raw one comes immediately to rest.

This difference is due to the fact that the boiled egg is a solid body, the whole egg turning, while the raw egg is a fluid contained in a shell, the shell alone being turned by the twisting of the wire and the fluid remaining stationary.

The investigator who devised this and the following experiments employed it as one of the proofs that the earth is a solid body and not a thin crust of rock surrounding a fluid or "nasty nucleus." In that case, he held, the observed swinging and swaying motions of the earth's axis in procession and nutation would be impossible.

The same phenomenon is shown in the following experiment, though in a directly opposite way: If two eggs be spun rapidly on their sides on a mirror or other perfectly smooth surface the experimenter by gently placing his hand upon the boiled egg as it spins stops its movement permanently. But if the same experiment be made with the raw egg it will immediately begin to spin again when the hand is removed. Indeed, it is extraordinary how long one can hold his hand upon the raw egg without destroying its motion. The reason of this is apparent. The fluid within the shell continues to revolve, although the shell itself is stationary, while in the other case the whole egg is stopped.

If one attempt to spin the eggs on the mirror, after the manner of a top, he will find that the boiled egg will spin for a considerable time, but that the other will fall almost immediately on its side. It has been observed that this experiment furnishes a solution of Columbus' problem—how to make an egg stand on end. First boil the egg hard and then spin it.—Harper's Weekly.

BRIDES IN JAPAN.

First They Are Arrayed in White Silk. Then in Red.

Brides in Japan follow the same custom which prevails in the western world—that of wearing white at the wedding ceremony, at least during a part of it. But the significance attached to the choice of this color is quite different on the two sides of the world.

The Japanese bride is dressed first in resplendent garments of white silk, the sleeves of the costume usually being about three feet in length, while the sash, an important feature, measures about eleven feet in length.

But white is the mourning color in Japan, and the bride leaving her parents' house considers herself dead in the sense that she will never return alive, preferring death to divorce and in consequence wearing a white costume.

After the exchange of cups of sake with the bridegroom, which is the most important part of the wedding ceremony, the bride changes her costume to a red one. This is called *irohaoshi* (changing color). Red is supposed to have a purifying power and perhaps clears the minds of the parties of all association of mourning.

This is the origin of the Japanese custom of using white costumes at weddings, but many people in modern Japan do not any longer have time to bother their heads with these questions of color and simply go ahead and marry according to the accepted custom, with no thought of what the colors signify.—Oriental Review.

Wanted to Be Sure.

A German farmer left his horses un hitched in front of a hardware store in Gary. When he came out after an interval of a half hour they were gone. There had been no sound of a runaway, so the farmer surmised that they might have gone home. He phoned his wife, saying:

"Oh, yes, I see the horses there?"

A negative came over the phone, for he added:

"Nor der wagon either?"—Chicago Post.

Didn't Look It.

A photographer who had taken Dr. Ian MacLaren's picture destroyed the negative. When there was a considerable demand for the picture the photographer's Scotch heart was disturbed, and he remarked aggrievedly: "That man might have told me he was famous and I would have kept him. He didn't look like it!"—Christian Register.

The End of a Career.

"Why have you given up the idea of going in for a professional career?" asked her friend.

"Because I have met a perfectly splendid man who thinks I would be a lovely ornament to a bungalow that he has his eye on."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Interesting.

Ethel—Jack Duggard told me a long story last night. Kitty—Is he an interesting story teller? Ethel—I should say so. He held his audience from start to finish.—Boston Transcript.

Close.

She—Do you know I've induced my husband to give up cigars? He—Is that so? Well, I've known him for seven years, and I never saw him give up one.—Illustrated Bits.

Rhodesia.

Rhodesia has an area estimated at 440,000 square miles. It is therefore equal in size to the states of Texas, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and Kentucky combined.

Woman's Unhappy Lot.

A woman's lot is not a happy one. If she hasn't anything serious to worry about she begins to get fat.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CUSTOMS OF WAR

Rules That Contending Armies Are Expected to Obey.

A GRIM CODE OF ETIQUETTE.

The Enemy May Be Starved to Death or Into Yielding by Stopping His Supplies, but His Food Must Not Be Poisoned—Prisoners of War.

War—that is, warfare between civilized nations—has its code of etiquette known as the customs of war, some of which are written, others tacitly agreed to, and these rules and regulations contending armies are supposed to regard as sacred and to obey them rigidly.

Obvious examples of fighting etiquette are the rules which protect the Red Cross flag of the ambulance and forbid the use of explosive or, within limits, expanding bullets.

Nominally a general may use any means to his power to bring his foe to submission, but there is a well defined boundary line. A leader may cut off his enemy's food and water supplies. He may subject him to all the horrors of famine and thirst, but he must not poison his food or water.

Suppose a place is besieged and that outside the walls are wells which the besiegers cannot effectively hold and which the besieged can reach under cover of night. The besieger would be justified in sending parties to fill up the wells with earth and stones or to destroy them with dynamite. On the other hand, to pollute the wells with poison or to throw dead animals into them would be an infamy.

A "prisoner of war" has his rights. He may be asked to give his parole—i. e., to promise not to escape—but he must not be forced to give his parole and is not to be punished for refusing to do so. A prisoner on parole who attempts to escape is liable to be shot, either when escaping or if retaken alive.

An unparoled prisoner may also be shot while in the act of escaping, but if recaptured it would be murder to shoot him, and he should not be punished for his attempt, though he may be placed in more rigorous confinement.

A prisoner may be compelled to earn his "keep" by working at his trade, if he has one, or by doing work for his captors not of a purely military nature. Thus he may be ordered to assist in draining the camp in which he is a prisoner, but it would not be fair to put him to building fortifications.

The customs of war justify the employment of spies, but under certain rules. If a soldier voluntarily turns traitor the other side is entitled to make use of him, but it is not honorable to tempt a soldier to betray his own side.

If thus tempted a man may pretend to turn traitor and deceive the enemy with false information. On the other hand, voluntarily to go over to the enemy, pretending to be a traitor or deserter, would be dishonorable conduct—that is, if the pretended traitor is an officer or soldier.

A spy, of course, comprehends the hazardous nature of the mission he undertakes and is painfully aware of the fact that he carries his life in his hands, so to speak. Courageous and daring though he may be, the spy has no rights and is at all times liable to be shot or hanged at sight. Nowadays, though, he is usually given the benefit of a trial by court martial.

An officer or soldier, however, caught in the enemy's camp must not be treated as a spy, but as a prisoner of war, provided he is not disguised.

If a commander takes part in a charge or persistently exposes himself to fire he must take his chance of being shot, but in big affairs it is not the "game" to detail marksmen to try to pick off your opponent's general, though every effort may be made to capture him.

When a city or town is bombarded public buildings—unless used for defensive purposes—should be spared as far as possible. When a place is captured the victorious foe is entitled to seize art treasures, and so on, and to hold them to ransom. To injure or destroy them would be the act of a vandal.

When a country is invaded the invader can compel the inhabitants to supply him with food and other supplies and to act as guides, workmen and drivers.

A person who, not belonging to any recognized military force, takes up arms against an invader is liable to be shot like a dog when captured. Retaliation is sanctioned by the customs of war. If a military vengeance and takes place when an outrage committed on one side is avenged by the commission of a similar act on the other.

Thus an unjust execution of prisoners by the enemy may be followed by the execution of an equal number of prisoners held by the opponents, and this act of retaliation has been frequently enforced, even in recent years.—London Answers.

Doctoring a Doctor.

"I say, doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, tell me this. Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way the doctor doctor wants to be doctor, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor in his own way?"—Kansas City Journal.

He is happiest, whether he be king or peasant, who finds peace in his own home.

Pretty Good Evidence.

Mrs. Hoyle—I think my husband is getting absentminded. Mrs. Doyle—How so? Mrs. Hoyle—He recently mailed a letter on the same day that I gave it to him.—New York Press.

But for some trouble and sorrow we should never know half the good there is about us.—Dickens.

Head Hunters of the Philippines. Curiously enough, the head hunting peoples of the Philippines are apparently limited to northern Luzon. None of the warlike hill tribes inhabiting other parts of the archipelago are known to take the heads of their victims. The explanation of their head hunting customs which is given by the Negritos of northeastern Luzon is very simple. They believe that each family must take at least one head a year or suffer misfortune in the form of sickness, wounds, starvation or death. Their victims are always beheaded with bolos. Heads are buried to the ground under the "houses" of the men who take them. Plates or ollas are placed over the spots where the heads are buried and possibly contain offerings to evil spirits. The "houses" under which heads are buried are then abandoned and their supposedly fortunate owners look forward to a period free from death, sickness or injury and to success in their hunting and fishing.—National Geographic Magazine.

A Fish With a Lantern.

No matter what animals or groups of animals are studied, it will always be found that their leading physical traits are exactly adapted to their habits and conditions. A striking illustration of this fact is afforded by the torch fish. This is a deep sea fish that carries on its nose something like a short, thin bone, which it can illuminate with a phosphorescent light or extinguish at pleasure. It does not use this lantern to guide it on its way in the depths of the ocean or to enable it to see what is going on in the neighborhood. The light is put to a more practical use: When the fish feels hungry it lights up to attract smaller fish. They dart for the light and find themselves in the capacious mouth of the fish. How the lantern is lighted and extinguished is not yet clearly understood.

Fortune Telling.

Fortune telling is almost as old as the human race. We have no knowledge of the time when or place where it originated. We only know that the practice was in vogue as far back as we can go. Some claim that it had its beginning with the Chaldean astrologers, who claimed that they were able to foretell the future by aid of the planets. The oldest of the nations were familiar with the practice, and by the gypsies it has been carried all over the world. It is perfectly natural for man to want to know about tomorrow and next year, and it required but little effort on his part to listen to fortune tellers. To this day the business is carried on with profit by the gypsies and others who impose upon the credulity of the superstitious.—New York American.

A Roadless Land.

Russia is almost a roadless land. It is inconceivable to the foreign visitor who has ever left the beaten track of the railways in Russia how a great empire can have subsisted so long and so successfully without even a pretense at roads. The secret lies in the fact that for five or six months in the year nature herself provides roads over the greater part of Russia—admirable smooth, glossy, roadways over hard worn snow. The traffic is further cheapened over these roads by the substitution of a sledge-runner for the wheel and axle. This brings the cost of land carriage as near the cheapness of water borne freight as possible, and it is the principal reason why Russia in the twentieth century is still a roadless land.

Original Confidence Man.

A story is told of old New York and of how the expression "confidence man" meant a man in whom one could not place confidence at all. It is said that some years ago a very well dressed man, with a courteous address, was wont to walk up and down the principal streets of the city. Whenever he met a stranger who looked hopeful to him he would approach the man, and with the most delightfully frank manner he would ask:

"My dear sir, have you confidence enough in me, an entire stranger to you, to lend me \$5 for an hour or two?"

And it is said that the man made an extremely good living by this very simple means.—New York Sun.

A Domestic Jan.

"I might have married a millionaire," declared Everyman. "One of my old schoolmates is now one."

"And several of your schoolmates are working right in this town for \$10 a week," retorted Everyman, "while one of them is in jail. I guess in marrying a chap getting \$1,500 a year your average is fairly good."

And then Everyman set up a howl, and they had to stop quarreling to attend to him.—Pittsburgh Post.

A Broken Cup.

Signora Veronelli (seeking a servant)—Why were you sent away from your last place?

"Because I broke a coffee cup."

"Was that the only reason?"

"Certainly, except that on that occasion my mistress had a little wound on the head."—H. H. H.

What Saved Him.

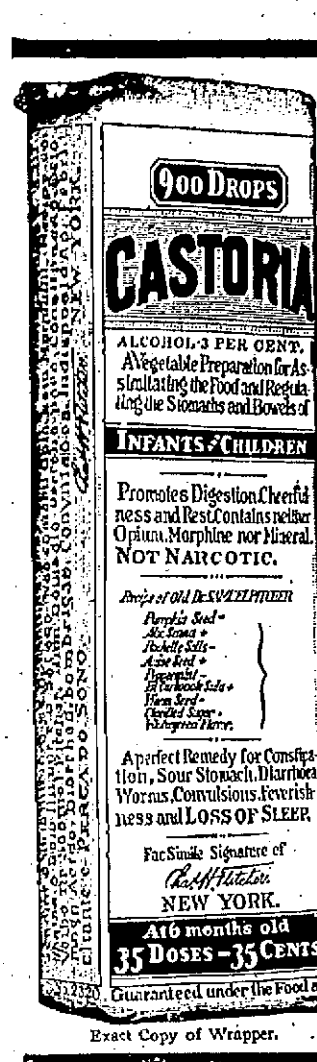
Miss Opper—I will never marry you, Denksens—Oh, heavens, I would blow my brains out if we were not in the midst of the busy season and I have so much to do!—Fleegende Blatter.

So Inquisitive.

Mamma (after her youngest's first day at school)—Now, Fritz, what did you do in school today? Fritz—Well, such curious people! First the teacher asks me what we did at home, and now you come and ask what we have done in school!—Fleegende Blatter.

A Boomerang.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—I'm afraid you won't do. As nearly as I can find out you have worked in six or seven places during the past year. Miss Brady—Well, an honest man's work is his own, and in the same way, no less, I'm blushing.—Boston Transcript.



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He Was Sarcastic.

Dubbleigh's car lay flat on its side and deep in the mud in the freshly plowed field, having skidded off the road, through the low stone wall, to get there.

"Ah!" cried a passerby from the roadside. "Had an accident?"

Dubbleigh tried to hold his tongue, but the strain was too much for him. "No, of course not," he replied coldly. "I've just bought a new car and brought my old one out here to bury it. Got a pickax and a shovel in your pocket you could lend me? I can't seem to dig the very deep with my motor horn."—Harper's Weekly.

How Apes and Monkeys Differ.

What are the differences between apes, baboons and monkeys? Apes are such as are destitute of tails; baboons have muscular bodies, elongated muzzles, and their tails are usually short; monkeys are those whose tails are in general long, some of them, the apes, having prehensile tails, which can at pleasure be twisted around any object, and thereby, in many instances, answer the purpose of an additional hand.—"Reason Why."

A Quaker Oath.

Two small boys in a family of Friends, writes a contributor, had a disagreement, during which the elder boy became very much incensed.

Finally, no longer able to control himself, he took his brother by the shoulder and shook him, with the exclamation, "Oh, thee little you, thee!"

Then as the enormity of his offense came over him he said, in a changed voice, "Don't tell mother I swore."—Youth's Companion.

Ingratulating.

"This is the fifth time you have been brought before me," said the judge severely.

"Yes, your honor," smiled the offender. "When I like a feller I like to give him all my business. You see?"

"Sixty days," roared the judge.—Harper's Weekly.

Fame.

Fame is the inheritance not of the dead, but of the living. It is we who look back with lofty pride to the great names of antiquity, who drink of that flood of glory as of a river and refresh our wings in it for future flight.—Hazlitt.

It Was Alive.

There are in the Book Monthly some "Memories of Mark Twain," chiefly in London, by his cousin, Katherine Clemens. One of the stories told is connected with a visit the humorist paid to Mme. Tussaud's. While in the famous show he stood a long while in contemplation of an especially clever piece of waxwork. He felt a sudden stab of pain in his side and, turning quickly, found himself face to face with a dumfounded British matron, with her parasol still pointed toward him. "Oh, Lor! it's alive!" she exclaimed and bent a hasty retreat.

A Long Way Back.

The earliest authentic date that has been handed down to us was inscribed on the foundation stone of the temple to the sun-god at Sippara by Naram-Sin, son of Sargon. This stone was exhumed by Nabonidus, who reigned over Babylon about 548 B. C., and it is asserted that Naram-Sin ruled 3,200 years previously. From these dates we learn that the chronology of Babylon began with the reign of Sargon I., king of Agade, 2300 B. C.

A Good Answer.

A shopkeeper had for his virtues obtained the name of "the little rascal." A stranger asked him why the appellation had been given to him. "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all great rascals."—London Mail.

Sure on One Point.

"Out late last night? What time did the clock say when you got in?" "I don't remember what the clock said, but I will never forget what my wife said!"

A VISION IN THE NIGHT.

The Man That Was Paced on the Edge of the Precipice.

Through the hilly country of the Basques Harry A. Frank made his way on foot with few adventures, but with many interesting experiences. At the close of one day, he tells us in "Four Months Ator in Spain," he began to climb upward into the mountains that rise high in the darkening sky ahead. The night grew black, but the heavens were overcast, but he who marches on into the darkness, if he is not confused by any artificial lights, may still see moderately well.

It was two hours perhaps after nightfall, and the road, its edge a sheer precipice above unfathomable depths, was winding over higher round the shoulder of a main-mountain peak when suddenly I saw a faint, denser blackness against the sea of obscurity, standing stock still on the utmost edge of the highway.

"Buenos tardes!" I greeted him in a low voice, almost afraid that a heavy tone would send him toppling backward to his death.

He neither answered nor moved. I stepped closer.

"You have rather a dangerous position, verdon, senior?"

Still he stared motionless at me through the darkness. I moved quietly forward and, thrusting out a hand, touched him on the sleeve. It was hard, as if frozen. For an instant I recoiled, then with a sudden instinctive movement passed a hand quickly and lightly over his face. Was I dreaming? That, too, was hard and cold. I sprang back and, rummaging hastily through my pockets, found one broken match. The wind was rushing up from the bottomless gulf below. I struck a light, holding it in the hollow of my hand, and in the instant before it was blown out I caught a few words of an inscription on a pedestal:

Erected to the Memory—Thrown over this precipice—Bandits—Night of—

But before I had made out date or name I was in darkness again.

BRAGGED A BIT HIMSELF.

It Was About a Wonderful New Machine He Had Seen.

"While I was running a bolt cutter at the Rock Island shops in Chicago," writes a contributor to Railway and Locomotive Engineering, "I boarded at a house much frequented by locomotive engineers and firemen. These men talked a great deal about their tremendous feats in getting over certain hills without the help of a second locomotive."

"My opposite neighbor at table, a young fellow who ran a lathe in the shop, grew tired of this monotonous bragging; he thought he was entitled to do a little talking himself. One evening he called out to me:

"Well, I went over and saw that new machine today, and it's astonishing the fine work it does."

"How does it work?" I inquired.

"Well," said James, "by means of a pedal attachment a fulcrum lever converts the vertical reciprocating motion into a circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a huge disk that revolves in a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disk, and when the speed of the driving arbor is moderate the periphery of the apparatus is traveling at a high velocity. Work is done on this periphery. Pieces of the hardest steel are by mere impact reduced to any shape the skillful operator desires."

"What in the name of sense is that machine, anyway?" demanded Tom Briggs.

"Oh, it's a new grindstone," replied James, and a silence that could be cut with a butter knife fell upon the crowd."

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Material queries must be accompanied with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 7. Direct all communications to: Mrs. E. M. TILLEY, Newport Historical Rooms, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1914.

NOTES.

OLD NEWPORT CEMETERIES.—Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society.—E. M. T. Continued.

Lyndon, Augustus, of Samuel and Priscilla, d. Aug. 8, 1723, ag. 11 m. 8 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Elizabeth, of Samuel and Priscilla, d. Feb. 10, 1715, ag. 1 y. 1 m. 2 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Elizabeth, of Samuel and Priscilla, d. Apr. 23, 1710, ag. 1 y. 3 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, John, of Samuel and Priscilla, d. June 14, 1714, ag. 4 m. 5 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, John, of Col. Samuel and Elizabeth, d. Oct. 7, 1751, ag. 3 weeks 8 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, John, of Col. Samuel and Elizabeth, d. Apr. 10, 1763, ag. 7 m. 18 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Josiah, Sr., d. Aug. 8, 1709, ag. 82 y.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Mary, of Samuel and Elizabeth, d. Apr. 25, 1758, ag. 7 m. 24 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Mary, of Samuel and Elizabeth, d. Sept. 23, 1718, ag. 2 mos.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Peter, of Col. Samuel and Elizabeth, d. Aug. 2, 1761, ag. 3 m. 8 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Priscilla, of Samuel and Elizabeth, d. Aug. 23, 1731, ag. 11 y. 5 m. 22 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Priscilla, wife of Samuel, d. Dec. 11, 1782, ag. 63 yrs.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Priscilla, of Samuel Jr. and Elizabeth, d. Feb. 18, 1743, ag. 11 weeks.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Mr. Samuel, d. Dec. 19, 1760, ag. 74 yrs.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Samuel, of Joseph and Martha, d. Jan. 2, 1761, ag. 11 m. 22 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Sarah, wife of Samuel, d. Mar. 24, 1702, ag. 89 yrs.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Ann, of James and Ann, d. June 6, 1738, ag. 2 y. 1 m. 10 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Ann, wife of James, d. Oct. 8, 1741, ag. 48 yrs.—Common ground.

Lyndon, James, d. Nov. 16, 1776, ag. 75 yrs.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Mary of John Jr. and Mary, d. Feb. 21, 1751, ag. 10 mos. 5 days.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Mary, of John and Mary, d. Nov. 2, 1732, ag. 17 m. 2 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Elizabeth, of John and Mary, d. Sept. 1, 1782, ag. 12 days.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Mary, of John and Mary, d. Jan. 1, 1728, ag. 17 d.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Meroy, wife of James, d. May 12, 1769, ag. 46 yrs.—Common ground.

Lyndon, Nathaniel, of John and Mary, d. Oct. 30, 1786, ag. 23 d.—Common ground.

Queries

7250. MERRITT—Who were the persons, wives and children of the following Merritts? Ezekiel, of Newport, 1638; George, of Perth Amboy, 1694; Isaac, of Bristol, Pa., 1681; John, of Seaboard, 1652; (brother of first Henry); John, of New York, 1641; John, of Salem, 1674; Richard, (wife, Mary Blomont), of Boston, 1685. Who were the persons and wives of Henry Merritt, of Seaboard, 1628; Thomas Merritt, of Rhode Island, 1710; Robert Ashley, of Springfield, 1629; Henry Dillingham, of Sandwich, 1680; Ichabod Hopkin, of Oyster Bay, 1700; John Rutledge, of Block Island, 1660-1702; David Rutledge, of Hingham, N. Y., 1750-94; William Wood, of Dartmouth, 1710? Who were the parents of Samuel Thompson, of Stamford, N. Y., 1700?—B. S.

7287. HAMMOND—Information wanted of George Hammond, of Carter, Mass., son of Capt. George, born May 4, 1768, and married Lucy Southworth, of Plymouth, Oct. 1788. He may have had two sons, Roland and George. Can anyone give me information as to his residence and family? I also desire information relative to Luther (b. 1745), Calvin (b. 1745), Elijah, George and Caleb (the latter bap. 1757), sons of Jabez Hammond and Abigail, of what was then Rochester, Mass., now Mattapoisett. Also of Amosiah Hammond, of Rochester, Mass., who by his wife Lydia Gardner, b. 1767, and Aquilus, b. 1764. Also of Jereiah Hammond, of Rochester, b. 1763, son of Samuel.—G. G.

7268. BANTA—Epke Jacobs, the ancestor of the Banta family in America arrived in New York, with wife and five sons, in 1659. In 1679 he was one of the Judges at Bergen, N. J. Information sought of his whereabouts during this tutelage. Also the name of his wife. He is supposed to have lived on Long Island. His son, Cornelius Epke, married Jeanette du Pre. When and where?—A. B.

7269. CRANDALL—John Crandall, Jr., of Newport, R. I., had by his wife Elizabeth Gorton, five children, namely: John, Peter, Samuel, Elizabeth and Mary. Can any one give dates of birth of these and tell whom each married?—W. R.

7273. WOODCOCK—Would like name and parentage of Mary—wife of William Woodcock, of Abilene, Mo. N.

7271. BOLCON—Would like parentage of Alexander Bolcon (Balcun) who died in Providence, R. I. Will probate July 13, 1811, and who married

Jane Holbrook. He was a mason by trade.—M. N.

7272. KIRKICUTT—Would like parentage of Roger Kirkicutt (Kirkicutt) of Malden, married Nov. 1601 John a Shepardson, removed to Swinney, Mass., 1699.—M. N.

MIDDLETOWN.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Mr. and Mrs. A. Herbert Ward have closed their home on Honeythru Hill for the winter and will be guests of their eldest daughter, Mrs. Lionel H. Peabody Jr., and family in Providence until spring. The youngest daughter, Mrs. M. May Ward, will spend the remainder of the winter with her sister, Mrs. Wm. R. Harvey and family in Newport.

There were special services on Sunday in the Episcopal church, the day being the Feast of the Epiphany. The Portuguese make much of this season and attended the Portsmouth Catholic Church Sunday in large numbers. During the day and evening there was much interchanging of visits among them attended by feasting and music. They also observed Monday as a holiday.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has recently received from Mrs. Abram A. Brown a second memorial gift which was used for the first time at the quarterly celebration of Holy Communion on Sunday afternoon. This was a mahogany communion table, given in memory of her second son, the late Abram A. Brown, Jr. The individual communion service, which Mrs. Brown gave as a memorial of her husband, Abram A. Brown, seemed rather fanciful upon the small table formerly in use, hence the later gift. The service comprises two mahogany trays, each containing 35 small glasses, with a cover for the separate trays, and the new table was carefully chosen to meet their requirements.

Social events through Wednesday were omitted owing to the continual rain. There included the January meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, and the weekly meeting of the Paradise Club for Tuesday afternoon, the winter and social for Tuesday evening to have been held at the Berkeley Parish House, and the Epworth League social for Wednesday evening at the M. E. Church.

Funeral services for the late Robert Gould Wyatt, oldest son of the late Benjamin and Mary (Shaw) Wyatt, were held Sunday noon at the Methodist Episcopal Church and were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. Edw. E. Wells. The chorists, Miss Ida M. Brown, Miss Sallie I. Peckham, and Mrs. Wm. J. Peckham, sang "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Come unto me when shadows darkly gather." The hearers were near neighbors, Mr. Albert A. Anthony, Mr. V. Scott Barker, Mr. James T. Barker and Mr. John Henry Anthony. The burial was in St. Mary's churchyard, Portsmouth, in the Wyatt lot where the body of Mr. Wyatt was laid beside that of his wife. The committal service was read by the rector at St. Mary's church, the Rev. F. W. Goodhue. There were many floral tributes upon the casket.

Mr. Wyatt was born at the old Wyatt homestead opposite the school on Wyatt Road Sept. 9, 1814, and was the oldest of five children. His entire life was passed in Middletown, the most of it on Wyatt Road. He married Nellie M. Anthony Manchester, who has been dead 15 years. He leaves four children: Herbert Wyatt of Portsmouth, Mrs. George Peabody of Middletown, (Mary) Mrs. Edward Caswell, of Bloomsbury, N. Y., and Benjamin Wyatt of Portsmouth, and ten grandchildren. He is survived by one sister, (Georgiana) Mrs. Lyman Frank Winter formerly of Maine, now of this town, and three brothers, Edward, Nathaniel, Wyatt, who lives at the homestead, William Benjamin Wyatt, and George Samuel Wyatt, both of Wyatt Road. Mr. Wyatt was considered one of the best and most reliable millers on the island as the general run of meat has been adulterated in late years. He started in to learn the business as a very small boy, frequenting constantly the grist mill of his grandfather, Nathaniel Wyatt, just back of the homestead, which was bequeathed to him when Mr. Wyatt died.

A large number of cases of the Grippe are reported, due to the unseasonable weather it is thought.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Peckham of Newport will read before the Oliphant Club next week a paper upon "Child Welfare Work," which she had recently prepared for the Current Topics Club of Newport. Mrs. Gertrude Wilcox of Chaseville will act as hostess and the reading will be given upon the weekly date, January 17th. Mr. Arthur R. Anthony of the West Main Road entertained the club this week, presenting as the afternoon subject, "Henrik Ibsen."

Mrs. Susanna Allen and Miss Margaret Ritchie will give a whist and social Tuesday evening of next week at the Berkeley Parish House. The affair was to have been held this week but was postponed owing to bad weather and so much illness.

The schools reopened on Monday after their two week vacation. St. George's School which has had a three week's recess resumed Wednesday.

The recent storms have carried a deposit of soil which has caused an unusual amount of annoyance to telephone subscribers in putting their instruments out of commission by accumulating upon the glass insulators. Windows of houses have had a thin crust of salt gather as a result of the wind and rain. This has been found difficult to remove. Many large trees were felled by the heavy sale of 1551 week, tops of buildings and stacks removed, wind mills dismantled, and flag poles broken.

Election of Officers.

Redwood Lodge, No. 11, Knights of Pythias.
Chancellor—Commander—Fred Walter Kent.
Vice-Chancellor—Andrew J. Owen.
Senior Warden—Charles E. Wetherill.
Junior Warden—Donald E. Spears.
Master of Work—Past Chancellor—John C. Walsh.
Keeper of Records and Seals—Past Chancellor—Robert A. Franklin.
Master of Finance—Samuel H. Oxx.
Master of Exchequer—O. Edward Gillen.
Master of Ceremonies—Robert A. Walsh.
Trustees—Past Chancellor—Robert A. Walsh.
Past Master—Joseph H. Davis.
Past Master—John T. Deane, Samuel Spears, J. Roswell Deane.

Agileck Recompense, No. 5, I. O. O. F.
Chief Patriarch—George S. Stoddard.
High Priest—Samuel A. Carter.
Senior Warden—Charles E. Wetherill.
Junior Warden—Donald E. Spears.
Recording Secretary—Perry B. Dawley.
Treasurer—Joseph H. Davis.
Eminent Master—Allen C. Griffith.
Temple—John T. Deane, Samuel Spears, J. Roswell Deane.

Mission Furniture

Nolonger afraid but a thing of acknowledged permanency, and all due to the real hard common sense of the thing. The idea of comfort of long service is stamped all over every piece of this school of design. Its massive frame, its powerful construction, its soft color scheme appeal to the common sense in us at once. It has come to stay.

A Piece Of Unusual Value

This typical rocker is a trim representation. The automobile seat of genuine Spanish leather in color to harmonize with the finish of the frame bespeak comfort of the highest order. The price is a genuine Titus surprise.

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225-229 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Begin the New Year Right

THERE is a most careful way of beginning a telephone conversation that many people are now adopting. It is the courteous and direct method because it saves useless words, confusion and uncertainty. It runs thus:

The telephone bell rings and the person answering it says: "Morton & Company, Mr. Baker speaking." The person calling then says: Mr. Wood, of Curtis & Company, wishes to talk with Mr. White." When Mr. White picks up the receiver he knows Mr. Wood is on the other end of the line, and without any unnecessary and undignified "Hello's," he at once greets him with the refreshing and courteous salutation "Good morning, Mr. Wood!" This savor the genial hand-shake that Mr. Wood would have received had he called in person upon Mr. White.

A far higher degree of telephone courtesy would be obtained if the face-to-face idea were more generally held in mind by those who use the telephone. The fact that a line of wire and two shining instruments separate you from the person to whom you are talking, takes none of the sting out of unkind words.

Telephone courtesy begins when the bell rings. Promptness in answering the call is a compliment to the caller. Telephone courtesy on party lines means being polite when some one else unintentionally breaks in—not snapping, "Get off the line; I'm using it."

In a word it is obviously true that, that which is the correct thing to do in a face-to-face conversation, is also correct in a telephone conversation, and anyone has but to apply the rule of courtesy prescribed long years before the telephone was thought of, to know the proper manners for telephone usage. Be forbearing, considerate and courteous. Do over the telephone as you would face to face.

The Voice With The Smile Wins

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PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Mrs. Lucy Anthony has returned from a two weeks' visit to Riverport, Mass., where she has been very much enjoyed for several weeks, in temporary lodgings.

Mrs. Helen Sinclair has returned from a visit of two weeks with relatives in New York.

Mr. William H. Tallman is taking the school census.

Mr. Oliver O. Hicks has been entering his sister, Mrs. Horace Gilmore of Winter Hill, Mass.

Mrs. Harriet Wheeler and Miss Lilian Wheeler have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. David Arnold of Providence.

Mrs. Lellia Lawton is in Newport helping to care for Mrs. George Sherman who is quite ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Blount are spending two weeks in New York. Miss Sarah Blount is visiting Misses Alice and Margaret Gray.

A series of union meetings began at the Friends' Church Thursday evening and will continue for 10 days. Rev. William G. Sherman of Haverhill, Mass., is to be the preacher. The congregation of the Methodist Episcopal, the Christian and the Friends' Churches are invited to this series of meetings.

Postmaster Charles Thomas has been carrying on a lively guessing contest, which has proved of interest to a large number of people. A person guessing nearest the correct number would receive a three-dollar box of candy and a watch. The number was 1028. Miss Theresa Hayes and Mr. Isaac L. Fish, Jr., were tied for winners both guessing within three of the correct number. In drawing for the prize Mr. Fish won.

The following committees of Portsmouth Grange have been appointed: Reception—Mr. and Mrs. Warren H. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. William F. H. Bowler.

Feast committee—1st quarter, Mr. and Mrs. B. Percival Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson Bishop, second quarter—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. Abner P. Anthony, third quarter, Mr. and Mrs. M. LeRoy Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse J. Darfee, fourth quarter, Miss Helen Sinclair, Mrs. George Hart, Borden C. Anthony and Jesse L. Fish, Jr.

Executive committee—Isaac L. Sherman to 1915; G. Frank Hall to 1916; Alton F. Coggeshall to 1914.

Mr. Charles C. Clarke has been entertaining Mr. Daniel Dwyer of Newport.

Miss Anna Hathaway, who for several weeks has been suffering from blood poisoning, is still under the care of a physician.

Mrs. Hilton of New York, has arrived to make her home with her cousin, Rev. Albert C. Lauck.

Mrs. N. Horace Peckham, who has been spending several months in Sherburne, Mass., has returned to her home.

Mrs. Augustus P. Allen has been in Newport caring for her sister, Miss Fred West, who has been seriously ill.

Mrs. Anne Crosby of Riverport is caring for Mrs. Ella J. Fish, who is somewhat better.

Mrs. Charles F. Grinnell entertained the Women's Christian Temperance Union on Tuesday.

WORLD ALMANAC

New Year Cards.

CALENDARS,

DIARIES

—AT—

CARR'S.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.
Newport, R. I. Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, January 4, 1912.

WHEREAS, Martha M. Pierce, of the City of Newport in the County of Newport, and State of Rhode Island, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between herself and the said Martha M. Pierce and Bertram C. Pierce, now in parts to the said Martha M. Pierce unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered; Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Bertram C. Pierce of the pendency of said petition and that the said Bertram C. Pierce, at the Superior Court to be held at the Court House in Newport within and for the County of Newport on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1912, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.
Newport, R. I. Office of the Clerk of the Superior Court, Newport, January 4, 1912.

WHEREAS, Catherine A. Couch, of the City of Newport in the County of Newport and State of Rhode Island, has filed in this office her petition praying for a divorce from the bond of marriage now existing between herself and the said Catherine A. Couch and Stephen Couch, now in parts to the said Catherine A. Couch unknown, on which said petition an order of notice has been entered; Notice is therefore hereby given to the said Stephen Couch of the pendency of said petition and that the said Stephen Couch, at the Superior Court to be held at the Court House in Newport within and for the County of Newport on the third Monday of February, A. D. 1912, then and there to respond to said petition.

SYDNEY D. HARVEY, Clerk.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Guardian of the person and estate of MARY A. STEPHENSON, of said City of Newport, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

1-18w CHARLES C. STEVENS.

OFFICE OF THE NEWPORT GAS-LIGHT CO.

NEWPORT, R. I.
Stockholders' Meeting.
The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Newport Gas Light Company will be held in this office on Monday, January 13, 1914, at 10 o'clock A. M.

1-11 A. K. QUINN, Treas.

"So Handy and So Clean."

That is the delighted exclamation of the housekeeper when she learns of the water closet installed in her sanitary lavatory. Ask for information and get free booklet written today.

GORDON CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

Newport National Bank.

DIVIDEND No. 25.

A semi-annual dividend of four and one-half per cent. has been declared payable on or after January 2nd, 1914.
H. O. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Island Savings Bank.

The usual Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, will be paid to the Depositors on and after January 5, 1914.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 21, 1913.

National Exchange Bank.

DIVIDEND No. 35.

A Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum, will be paid to the Stockholders on and after January 5, 1914.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 22, 1913.

Meet Me at Barnes

A Few Special Bargains

In pianos on hand now. These have been taken in exchange for our celebrated Pianola Pianos and are marked at low figures. It will pay you to investigate at once.



140 THAMES STREET.

Newport, R. I.



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A modern, convenient lavatory for rooms, which have no plumbing connections. This fixture takes the place of the old-fashioned commode and also for and costs no more. It gives you fresh running water for lavatory purposes without the expense of installing plumbing for bath room or wash stand.

The Whole Story In A Nut Shell.

The Howe Sanitary Lavatory is complete in itself. Nothing to break, nothing to rust, nothing to get out of order. Quickly set up, goes in any part of the room, can't slip over, may be moved from place to place. Just the thing for Home, Office, Apartment, Hotel, Boarding house or summer cottage.

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Notice to

Automobilists

Commencing June 1st, the office of the State Board of Public Roads, Automobile Department, State House, Providence, R. I., will be open for business between the hours of 9 a. m. and 3 p. m., Saturdays excepted, until further notice.

STATE BOARD OF PUBLIC ROADS

AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT.

GEORGE B. WELLINGTON, Clerk.